

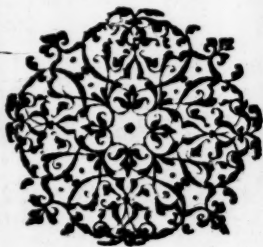


A
PLEASANT
conceited Comedie,

wherein is shewed, how a man
may choose a good Wife
from a badde.

*As it hath been sundry times acted by the
Earle of Worcesters seruants*

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LONDON.

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the Fox. 1614.





A pleasant conceited Come-

die, wherein is shewed, how a man

may choose a good Wife
from a badde.

*Enter as upon the Exchange, young Maister
Arthur, and Maister Lusam.*

Arthur.



Tell you true Sir, but to euery man
I would not be so lauish of my speech,
Onely to you my deare and priuate friend,
Although my wife in euery eye, be held,
Of beauty and of grace sufficient,

Of honest birth and good behauiour,
Able to winne the strongest thoughts to her:
Yet in my minde, I hold her the most hated,
And loathed object, that the world can yeeld,

Lus. Oh M. Arthur, beate a better thought,
Of your chaste wife whose modesty hath won,
The good opinion and report of all.

By heauen you wrong her beauty, she is faire.

Ar. Not in mine eye.

Lus. O, you are cloyed with dainties M. Arthur,

And too much sweetnesse glutteth hath your taste

And makes you loath them: at the first,

You did admire her beautie, praise her face,

Were proud to haue her follow at your heels

Through the broad streets, when all censuring tongues,

A pleasant conceited Comedie,

Found them selues busied, as shee pass'd along,
To extoll her in the hearing of you both:
Tell mee I pray you, and dissemble not,
Haue you not in the time of your first loue,
Hug'd such new popular and vulgar talke,
And glorified still, to see her brauely deck'd?
But now a kind of loathing hath quite chang'd
Your shape of loue, into a forme of hate:
But on what reason ground you this hate?

Art. My reason is my Minde; my ground my Will:
I will not loue her: If you aske mee why
I cannot loue her? let that answere you.

Lu. Be iudge all eyes, her Face deserues it not:
Then on what roote growes this high branch of hate?
Is shee not loyall, constant, louing, chaste,
Obedient, apt to please; loth to displease,
Carefull to liue, charie of her good name,
And ielous of your reputation?
Is shee not vertuous, wise, religious?
How should you wrong her to deny all this?
Good M. *Arthur*, let mee argue with you.

They walke and talke.

*Enter walking and talking, M. Anselem,
and Maister Fuller.*

Ful. Oh M. *Anselem*! growne a louer? fie,
What might shee bee, on whom your hopes relie?

An. What fooles they are that seeme most wise in loue,
How wise they are, that are but fooles in loue:
Before I was a louer, I had reason
To iudge of matters, censure of all sortes:
Nay, I had witte to call a louer Foole,
And looke into his follie with bright eyes;
But now intruding Loue dwels in my braine,

And

how to choose a good Wife from a bad.

And frantickly bath shouldred Reason thence :

I am not old, and yet alas I doate :

I haue not lost my sight, and yet am blinde :

No bondman, yet haue lost my libertie :

No naturall Foole, and yet I want my witte.

What am I then ? let mee define my selfe ;

A doater young, a blind man that can see :

A wittie Foole, a Bond-man that is free.

Ful. Good aged youth, blind seer, and wise foole,
Lose your free bondes, and set your thoughtes to schoole.

Enter old M. Arthur, and old M. Lusam.

Old Ar. Tis told mee M. Lusam, that my sonne
And your chaste daughter, whom we matcht together,
Wrange and fall at oddes, and brawle, and chide,

Old Lu. Nay I thinke so, I neuer lookt for better.
This tis to marry Children when they are young,
I sayd as much at first, that such young brats,
Would gree together, euen like Dogs and Cats.

Old Ar. Nay pray you M. Lusam, say not so,
There was great hope, though they were matcht but yong,
Their vertues would haue made them simpathise,
And liue together like two quiet Saintes.

Old Lu. You say true, there was great hope indeed
They would haue liu'd like Saints ; but wher's the fault?

Old Ar. If same be true, the most fault's in my sonne.

Old Lu. You say true M. Arthur, tis so indeed.

Old Ar. Nay sir, I doe not altogether excuse
Your Daughter, many lay the blame on her.

Old Lu. Ha, say you so ; by thmasse like enough,
For from her childhood she hath been a shrew.

Old Ar. A shrew, you wrong her, al the towne admires her
For mildnesse, chastnesse, and humilitie.

Old Lu. Fore God you say well, shee is so indeed,

A pleasant conceited Comedie,

The Citie doth admire her for these Vertues.

Old Ar. O sir, you prayse your Child too palpably :
Shees milde and chaste ; but not admit'd so much.

Old Lu. I, so I say ; I did not meane admir'd.

Ol Ar. Yes if a man do well consider her,
Your daughter is the wonder of her sexe.

Old Lu. Are you aduise of that, I cannot tell
What tis you call the wonder of her sexe,
But she is, is she, I indeed she is.

Old Ar. What is she ?

Old Lu. Euen what you will, you know best what she

Anselme. You is her husband, let vs leaue this walke, (is
How full are bad thoughts of suspicion,
I loue, but loath my selfe for louing so,
Yet cannot chang my disposition.

Fuller. *Medice cura teipsum.*

Anse. *Hei mihi quod nullis amor est medicabilis herbis.*

Young Ar. All your perswasions are to no effect.
Neuer alledge her virtues, nor her beauty,
My settled vnkindnesse hath begott
A resolution to be vnkind still.
My ranging pleasures loue varietie.

Young Lu. Oh too vnkind vnto so kinde a wife,
Too vertuelesse to one so vertuous,
And too vchast vnto so chaste a Matron,

Young Ar. But soft sir, see where my two Fathers are
Busily talking, let vs shrinke aside,
For if they see me, they are bent to chide.

Exeunt.

Old Ar. I thinke it best to goe straight to the house,
And make them friends againe : what thinke you sir ?

Old Lu. I thinke so too.

Old Ar. Now I remember too, that's not so good,

For

how to choofe a good Wife from a bad.

For diuers reasons I thinke beſt ſtay here,
And leaue them to their wrangling, what thinke you?

Old Lu. I thinke ſo too.

Old Ar. Nay we will goe, that's certaine.

Old Lu. I, tis beſt, tis beſt in ſooth: there's no way but to go

Old Ar. Yet if our going ſhould breed more vnreſt,
More diſcord, more diſſention, more debate,
More wrangling where there is enough already,
Twere better ſtay then go.

Old Lu. For God tis true,
Our going may perhaps breed more debate,
And then we may too late wiſh we had ſtaid:
And therefore if you will be rul'd by me,
We will not go, that's flat: Nay if we loue
Our credits, or our quiet, lets not go.

Old Ar. But if we loue their credits, or their quiet, we
And reconcile them to their former loue: (muſt goe
Where there is ſtrife twixt man and wife tis hell,
And mutuall loue may be compar'd to heauen:
For then their ſouls and ſpirits are at peace.

Come M. Luſam, now tis dinner time,
When we haue dind, the firſt worke wee'le make,
Iſto decide their iarres for pitie ſake.

Old Lu. Well fare a good heart, yet are you aduiſe,
Goe, ſayd you *M. Arthur?* I will runne,
To end theſe broyles that diſcord hath begun.

Exeunt,

Enter Miſtris Arthur, and her man Pipkin.

Miſ. Ar. Come hither *Pipkin,* how chance thou treadſt ſo

Pip. For feare of breaking Miſtreſſe (loſtly

Miſ. Ar. Art thou afraid of breaking, how ſo?

Pip. Can you blame me Miſtris, I am crackt alreadie.

Miſ. Crackt Pipkin, how? hath any crackt your Crowne?

Pip. No

A pleasant conceited Comedie,

Pip. No Mistris, I thanke God my crowne is currant but,

Mi. Ar. But, What?

Pip. The Mayde gaue mee not my supper yesternight, so that indeed my belly wambled, and standing neare the great Sea-cole fire in the Hall, and not being full, on the sodaine I crackt; and you know Mistris, a Pipkin is soone broken.

Mis. Ar. Sirra, runne to the Exchange, and if you there Can find my husband, pray him to come home:
Tell him, I will not eate a bit of bread,

Vntill I see him: prethee *Pipkin* runne.

Pip. Bur-Lady Mistris, if I should tell him so, it may be hee would not come, were it for no other cause but to saue charges; Ile rather tell him, if hee come not quickly, you will eate vp all the Meate in the house: and then if he be of my stomacke, he will runne euery foot, and make the more haste to dinner.

Mis. Ar. I, thou mayst iest, my heart is not so light,
It can digest the least conceit of ioy;
Intreat him fairely, though I thinke he loues
All places worse than he beholde me in.
Wilt thou begone?

Pip. Whither Mistris, to the Change?

Mis. Ar. I to the Change.

Pip. I will Mistris, hoping my M. will goe so off, to the Change, that at length he will change his minde, and vse you more kindly. Oh it were braue, if my Maister could meete with a Marchant of ill ventures to bargaine with him for his bad conditions, and hee sell them outright, you should haue a quieter heart, and we all a quieter house: but hoping Mistris you will passe ouer all these iarres and squables in good health, as my Maister was at the making hereof, I commit you.

Mis. Ar. Make haste againe I prethee, till I see him,

My

A pleasant conceited Comedie,

My heart will neuer be at rest within me:
My husband hath of late so much estranged
His wordes, his deedes, his heart from me,
That I can seldome haue his company:
And euen that seldome, with such discontent,
Such frownes, such chidings, such impatience.
That did not truth and vertue arme my thoughts,
They would confound me with dispaire and hate,
And make me runne into extremities.
Had I deseru'd the least bad looke from him,
I should account my selfe too bad to liue:
But honoring him in loue and chastity,
All iudgements censure freely of my wongs.

Enter yong Arthur, Maister Lusam, Pipkin.

Yong. Ar. Pipkin, what sayd she when she sent for me?

Pip. Fayth Maister she sayd little, but she thought more,
For she was very melancholly.

Yon. Ar. Did I not tell you she was melancholly
For nothing else but that she sent for me,
And fearing I would come to dine with her.

Yong. Lu. O you mistake her, euen vpon my soule
I durst affirme you wrong her chastity,
See where she doth attend your comming home.

Mis. Ar. Come Maister *Arthur*, shall we in to dinner?
Sirra, begone and see it serued in.

Yong. Lu. Will you not speake vnto her?

Yon. Ar. No not I, will you goe in sir?

Mis. Ar. Not speake to me, nor once looke towards me?
It is my duty to begin I know,
And I will breake this ice of curttesie:
You are welcome home sir.

Yon. Ar. Marke Maister *Lusam*, if she mocke me not:

B.

You

A pleasant conceited Comedie.

You are welcome home sir: am I well come home?

Good sayth I care not if I be or no.

Yon Lu. Thus you misconster all things *M. Arthur*,
Looke if her true loue melt not into teares.

Yon Ar. She weepes, but why? that I am come so soone
To hinder her of some appointed guests,
That in my absence reuels in my house:
She weepes, to see me in her company;
And were I absent, she would laugh with ioy:
She weepes, to make me weary of the house?
Knowing my heart cannot away with greefe.

Mi. Ar. Knew I that mirth would make you loue my bed
I would enforce my heart to be more merry.

Yon Ar. Do you not here? shee would enforce her heart
All mirth is forc'd, that she can make with me.

Yon Lu. O mis-conceit, how bitter is thy taste;
Sweet *M. Arthur*, mistres *Arthur* too,
Let me intreate you, reconcile these iarres,
Odious to heauen, and most abhord of men.

Mis Ar. You are a stranger sir, but by your words,
You doe appeare an honest Gentleman:
If you professe to be my husbands friend,
Persist in these perswasions, and be iudge,
With all indifferencie, in these discontents.
Sweete husband, if I be not faire enough,
To please your eye, range where you list abroad,
Onely at comming home, speake me but faire:
If you delight to change, change when you please,
So that you will not change your loue to me:
If you delight to see me drudge and toyle,
He be your drudge, because tis your delight:
Or if you thinke me vnworthy of the name
Of your chaste wife, I will become your maide.

Your

Your slave, your servant, any thing you will,
If for that name of servant, and of slave,
You will but smile vpon me now and then:
Or if, as I well thinke you cannot loue me,
Loue where you list, onely but say you loue me:
He feede on shadowes, let the substance goe:
Will you deny me such a small request?
What, will you neither loue nor flatter me?
O then, I see your hate here doth but wound me,
And with that hate, it is your frownes confound me.

Ton Lu. Wonder of women: why hark you *M. Arthur*,
What, is your wife a woman or a Saint?
A wife, or some bright Angel Come from heauen?
Are you not mou'd at this strange spectacle?
This day I haue beheld a miracle.
When I attempt this sacred nuptiall life,
I beg of heauen to finde me such a wife.

Tong Ar. Ha, ha, a miracle, a Prodigy,
To see a woman weepe, is as much pittie
As to see Foxes dig'd out of their holes:
If thou wilt pleasure me, let mee see thee lesse,
Greeue much: they say griefe often shortens life,
Come not to neere me till I call thee wife:
And that will be but seldome: I will tell thee
How thou shalt winne my heart: die sodainely,
And he become a lusty widdower:
The longer thy life lasts, the more my hate.
And loathing still increaseth towards thee:
When I come home and finde thee cold as earth,
Then will I loue thee. Thus thou know'st my minde.
Come *M. Lusam*, let vs in to dine.

Exeunt.

Tong Lu. O sir, you to much affect this euill:
Poore fant, why wert thou yoakt thus with a diuell. *Exit.*

B 2.

Mis. Ar.

A pleasant conceited Comedie.

Mis. Ar. If thou wilt win my heart, die sodainely,
But that my soule was bought at such a rate,
At such a high price as my Saviours blood,
I would not sticke to loose it with a stab.
But vertue banish all such fantasies,
He is my husband, and I loue him well,
Next to my owne soules health I tender him,
And would gine all the pleasures of the world
To buy his loue, if I might purchase it,
Ile follow him, and like a seruant wait,
And strue by all meanes to preuent his hate.

Exit.

Enter old Arthur, and old Lusam

Old Ar. This is my sonnes house, were it best go in?
How say you maister *Lusam*?

Old Lu. How, goe in? how say you sir?

Old Ar. I say tis best.

Old Lus. I sir, say you so? so say I too.

Old Ar. Nay, nay, tis not best, Ile tell you why,
Happly the fire of hate is quite extinct,
From the dead embers, now to rake them vp,
Should the least sparke of discontent appeare,
To make the flame of hatred burne a fresh,
The heate of this dissention might scorch vs,
Which in his owne cold ashes smothered vp,
May die in silence, and reuiue no more.
And therefore tell me, is it best or no?

Old Lus. How say you sir?

Old Ar. I say it is not best.

Old Lus. Masse you say well sir, and so say I too.

Old Ar. But shall we loose our labour to come hither,
And without sight of our two children
Go backe againe: nay, we will in, that's sure.

Old Lu. In quotha, do you make a doubt of that,

Shall

how to choose a good Wife from a bad.

Shall we come thus farre, and in such post hast,
And haue our children here, and both within,
And not behold them ere our backe returne,
It were vnfriendly, and vnfatherly?

Come M. *Arthur*, pray you follow me.

Old Ar. Nay but hark you sir, will you not knock?

Old Lu. Ist best to knocke?

Old Ar. I, knocke in any case.

Old Lu. Twas well you put it in minde to knock?

I had forgotten it else, I promise you.

Old Ar. Tush, ist not my sonnes & your daughters doore,
And shal we two stand knocking? Lead the way.

Old Lu. Knock at our childrens doores, that were a iest,
Are we such fooles to make our selues so strange,
Where we should still be boldest? In for shame,
We will not stand vpon such ceremonies. *Exeunt*

Enter Anselme and Fuller.

Full. Speake in what kew sir do you find your heart,
Now thou hast slept a little on thy loue.

Anf. Like one that strives to shun a litle plash
Of shallow water, and auoiding it,
Plunges into a riuer past his depth.
Like one that from a small sparke steps aside,
And fals in headlong to a greater flame.

Full. But in such fires scorch not thy telfe for shame:
If she be fire, thou art so farre from burning,
That thou hast scarce yet warmed thee at her face:
But list to me, Ile turne thy heart from loue,
And make thee loath all of the feminine sexe.
They that haue knowne me, knew me once of name
To be a periekt wencher, I haue tried
All sorts, all sects, all states, and find them still
Inconstant, sickle, alwayes variable.

A pleasant conceited Comedie,

Attend me man, I will prescribe a method,
How thou shalt win her without all peradventure.

Ans. That would I gladly heare,

Ful. I was once like thee,
A sigher, melancholie, humorist,
Crosser of armes, a goer without garters,
A hat-band hater, and a buske point wearer,
One that did vse much bracelets, made of haire,
Rings on my fingers, Iewels in mine ares :
And now and then a wenchs Carkanet,
That had two letters for her name in pearle ;
Scarfs, Garters, Bands, wrought Wastcoats, gold, sticht
A thousand of these female fooleries, (Caps,
But when I lookt into the glasse of reason,, strait I began
To loath that femall brauerie, and hence foorth,
Study to cry *peccani* to the world.

Ans. I pray you to your former argument,
Prescribe a meanes to win my best belou'd,

Ful. First be not bashfull, bar all blushing tricks,
Be not too apish female, do not come
With foolish Sonets to present her with,
With legs, with curtseys, congies, and such like,
Nor with pend speeches, or too farre fetcht sighes,
I hate such anticke quaint formality.

Ans. Oh but I cannot watch occasion,
Shee dashes euery proffer with a frowne.

Ful. A frowne, a foole, thou afraid of frownest
He that will leaue occasion for a frowne,
Were I his iudge (all you his case bemone)
His doom should be, euer to lie alone.

Ans. I cannot chuse, but when a wench saies nay,
To take her at her word, and leaue my sure.

Ful. Continue that opinion, and be sure,
To die a virgin chaste, a maiden pure :

how to choose a good Wife from a bad.

It was may chance once in my wanton dayes,
To court a wench: harke and ile tell thee how,
I came vnto my Loue, and she lookt coy,
I spake vnto my Loue, she turnde aside,
I toucht my Loue, and gan with her to toy,
But she fate mute for anger, or for pride,
I strin'd and kist my loue, she cride away,
Thou wouldst haue left her thus, I made her stay:
I catcht my Loue, and wrung her by the hand,
I tookemy loue, and set her on my knee,
And puld her to me, O you spoyle my band,
You hurt me sir, pray let me go quoth she,
I am glad quoth I, that you haue found your tongue,
And still my Loue I by the finger wrung,
I askt her if she lou'd me she sayd no,
I bad her sweare: she straight cals for a book.
Nay then, thought I, tis time to let her go,
I casde my knee, and from her cast a looke,
She leaues me wondring at these strange affaires,
And like a wind she trips me vp the staires,
I left the roome below, and vp I went
Finding her throwne vpon her wanton bed:
I askt the cause of her sad discontent?
Further she lies, and making roome, she sed,
Now sweetting kisse mee, hauing time and place,
So clings me to her with a sweet imbrace.

Ans. Ist possible, I had not thought till now;
That women could dissemble. *M. Fuller,*
Here dwels the sacred mistresse of my heart,
Before her dore Ile frame a friuolous walke. *I accept youe
I will dwell with me.*
And spying her, with her deuise some talke.
Enter as out of the house, M. Arthur, Mistresse Arthur, old

Arthur, old Lufam; yong Lufam, Pipken and the rest.

Ful. What stir is this? lets step but out the way,
And heare the vtmost what these people say.

old.

A pleasant conceited Comedie,

Old Ar. Thou art a knaue, although thou be my sonne,
Haue I with care and trouble brought thee vp,
To be a staffe and comfort to my age,
A piller to support me, and a crutch
To leane on in my second infancy,
And dost thou vse me thus? Thou art a knaue.

Old Lu. A knaue, I marry, and an arrant knaue :
And sirra by old maister *Arthurs* leaue
Though I be weak and old, Ile prooue thee one.

Tong Ar. Sir, though it be my fathers pleasure thus
To wrong me with a scorned name of knaue,
I will not haue you so familiar,
Nor so presume vpon my patience.

Old Lu. Speake M. *Arthur*, is he not a knaue?

Old Ar. I say he is a knaue.

Old Lu. Then so say I.

Tong Ar. My father may command my patience,
But you sir, that are but my father in law.
Shall not so mocke my reputation:
Sir, you shall find I am an honest man.

Old Lu. An honest man.

Tong Ar. I sir, so I say,

Old Lu. Nay, if you say so, Ile not be against it:
But sir you might haue vnde my daughter better,
Then to haue beate her, spurnd her, raild at her
Before our faces.

Old Ar. I, therein sonne *Arthur*,
Thou shewdest thy selfe no better then a knaue,

Old Lu. I marry did he, I will stand to it,
To vse my honest daughter in such sort,
He shewed himselfe no better then a knaue,

Tong Ar. I say againe I am an honest man,
He wrongs me thar shall say the contrary.

Old Lu. I grant sir that you are an honest man,

Nor

how to choose a good Wife from a bad.

Nor will I say vnto the contrary.
But wherefore doe you vse my daughter thus?
Can you accule her of vnc chastity,
Of loose demeanour, disobedience, or disloyalty?
Speake, what canst thou obiekt against my daughter?

Old Ar. Accuse her, here she stands, spit in her face,
If she be guilty in the least of these.

Mis, Ar. O father, be more patient, if you wrong
My honest husband, all the blame be mine,
Because you doe it onely for my sake,
I am his hand-maid, since it is his pleasure
To vse me thus, I am content therewith,
And beare his checkes and crosses patiently.

Yong Ar. If in mine owne house I can haue no place,
Hee seeke it else where, and frequent it lesse,
Father I am now past one and twenty yeares,
I am past my mothers pampring, I suck not.
Nor am I dandled on my mothers knee:
Then if you were my father twenty times,
You shall not chuse but let me be my selfe,
Do I come home so seldome, and that seldome
Am I thus baited: wife, remember this,
Father farewell, and father in law adue:
Your sonne had rather fast then feast with you. *Exit.*

Old Ar. Well, go to wild-oars, spend thrift, prodigall,
I crosse thy name quite from my reckning booke:
For these accounts, sayth it shall scath thee some what, *Exit.*
I will not say what, somewhat it shall be.

Old Lu. And it shall scath him some what of my purse,
And daughter I will take thee home againe,
Since thus hee hates thy fellowship,
Be such an eye-sore to his eye no more,
I tell thee, thou no more shalt trouble him.

Mis. Ar. Will you diuorce whom God hath tied together.

A pleasant conceited Comedie.

Or breake that knot the sacred hand of heauen,
Made fast betwixt vs : Haue you neuer read
What a great curse was laid vpon his head
That breakes the holy band of mariage,
Diuorſing husbands from their choiſen wiues.
Father I will not leaue my *Arthur* ſo,
Not all my friends can make me proue his foe.

Old Ar. I could ſay ſomewhat in my ſons reprooſe.

Old Luſ. Faith ſo could I.

Old Ar. But till I meete him, I will let it paſſe.

Old Luſ. Faith ſo will I.

Old Ar. Daughter farewell, with weeping eyes I part,
Witneſſe theſe teares, thy griefe ſits neere my heart.

Old Lu. Weepes *M. Arthur*, nay then let me cry,
His cheekes ſhall not be wet, and mine be dry,. *Exeunt.*

Miſ. Ar. Fathers farewell, ſpend not a teare for me,
But for my husbands ſake let theſe woes be,
For when I weepe it's not for mine owne care,
But feare, leſt folly bring him to diſpaire.

Yong Lu. Sweet Saint continue ſtill this patience,
For time will bring him to true penitence,
Mittor of virtue! thanks for my good cheare,
A thouſand thanks.

Mi. Ar. It is ſo much too deare :
But you are welcome for my husbands ſake,
His gueſt ſhall haue beſt welcome I can make. *(mon,*

Yong Lu. Then mariage nothing in the world more com-
Nothing more rare then ſuch a vertuous woman. *Exit.*

Miſ. Ar. My husband in this humor well I know
Playes but the vnthritt : therefore it behoues me,
To be the better huſwife here at home,
To ſaue and get, whiſt he doth laugh and ſpend,
Though for himſelfe he riots it at large,
My needle ſhall deſray my houſhold charge.

how to choose a good Wife from a bad.

Ful. Now maister *Anselme* to her, step not backe,
Bussle your selfe, see where she sits at worke,
Be not a fraide man, shee's but a woman,
And women the most cowards seldome feare.
Thinke but vpon my former principles,
And twenty pounds to a dreame you speed.

Ans. I, lay you so?

Ful. Beware of blushing sirrah,
Of feare and too much eloquence,
Raile at her husband his misusing her,
And make that serue thee as an argument,
That she may sooner yeeld to do him wrong:
Were it my case, my Loue, and I to plead,
I hau't at fingers ends, who could misse the clout,
Hauing so faire a white, such steddie aime,
This is the vp shot, now bid for the game.

Ans. Faire mistres, God saue you.

Ful. What a circumstance begins he with, what an Assc
To tell her at the first that she was faire, (is he
The onely meanes to make her to be coy:
He should haue rather told her she was foule,
And brought her out of loue quite with her selfe,
And being so, she would the lesse haue card,
Vpon whose secrets she had laid her loue:
He hath almost mard all with that word faire.

Ans. Mistres God saue you,

Ful. What a blocke is that,
To say, God saue you, is this fellow mad
Once to name God in his vngodly sute?

Mis. Ar. Y^e are welcome sir, come you to speake with
Or with my husband, pray you whats your will? (me,

Ful. She answeres to the purpose, whats your will?
D^e zownes that I were there to answer her.

Ans. Mistres my will is not so soone exprest,

A pleasant conceited Comedie.

Without your speaciall fauour, and the promise,
Of loue and pardon if I speake amisse.

Ful. O asse, O duns, O blockhead that hast left
The plaine broad high way, and the readiest path,
To trauell round about the circumstance,
He might haue told his meaning in a word.
And now hath lost his opportunity,
Neuer was such a trewant in loues schoole,
I am asham'd that ere I was his tutor.

Mis. Ar. Sir, you may freely speake what ere it be,
So that your speech suteeth with modesty.

Ful. To this now could I answere passing well.

Ans. Mistres, I pitying that so faire a creature.

Ful. Still faire, and yet I warnd the contrary.

Ans. Should by a villen be so towly vñde as you haue been.

Ful. I, that was well put in,
If time and place were both conuenient.

Ans. Haue made this bold intrusion to present
My loue and seruice to your sacred selfe.

Ful. Indifferent, that was not much amisse.

Mis. Ar. Sir, what you meane by seruice and by loue
I will not know : but what you meane by villaine.
I faine would know,

Ans. That villaine is your husband,
Whose wrongs towards you are bruted thorow the land:
O can you suffer at a peasants hands,
Vnworthy once to touch this silken skinne,
To be so rudely beate and buffeted?
Can you endure from such infectious breath,
Able to blast your beauty, to haue names
Of such impositioned hate flung in your face?

Ful. O that was good, nothing was good but that,
That was the lesson that I taught him last.

Ans. O can you heare your neuer tainted fame,

Woun

how to choose a good Wife from a bad.

Wounded with words of shame and infamie,
O can you see your pleasure dealt away,
And you to be debar'd all part of them,
And bury it in deep obliuion?
Shall your true right be still contributed
Mongst hungry bawds, insatiable Curtisans?
And can you leaue that villaine by whose deede,
Your soule doth sigh, and your distrest heart bleed?

Ful. All this as well as I could wish my selfe,

Mis. Ar. Sir, I haue heard thus long with patience,
If it be me you terme a villaines wife,
Insooth you haue mistooke me all this while,
And neither know my husband nor my selfe,
Or else you know not man and wife is one,
If he be calde a villaine what is she,
Whose heart and loue, and soule is one with him?
Tis pittie that so faire a Gentleman,
Oh Sir, take heede, if you regard your life,
Should fall into such villaines company,
Meddle not with a villaine or his wife.

Ful. O that same word villaine hath marde all.

Ans. Now wher's your instructions? wher's the wench
Where are my hopes? where your direction?

Ful. Why man, in that word villaine, you marde all:
To come vnto an honest wife and call,
Her husband villaine, were she ne're so bad,
Thou might'st well thinke she would not brooke that name
For her owne credite, though no loue to him,
But leaue not thus, but try some other meane,
Let not one way thy hopes make frustrate cleane.

Ans. I must persist my Loue against my will,
He that knowes all thinges, knowes I proue this ill. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Aminadab with a rod in his hand, and two or
three boyes with their bookes in their hands.*

A pleasant conceited Comedie,

Ami. Come boyes, come boyes, rehearse your parts.
And then *ad prandium, iam iam incipe,*

1 Boy. Forsooth my lesson's torne out of my booke.

Ami. *Que caceris Charles descriuisse decet:*

Torne from your booke, ile teare it from your breech
How say you mistres *Virga* will you suffer
Hic puer bonæ indolis to teare

His lessons leaues, and lectures from his booke?

1 Boy Truly forsooth, I laid it in my seate,
while *Robin Glade* and I went into *Campis*,

And when I came againe my booke was torne

Ami. *O mus* a Moufe, was euer heard the like?

1 Boy. *O domus* a house, master I could not mend it,

2 O pediculus a Lowse, I know not how it came.

Ami. All towardly boyes good schollers of their times,

The least of these is past his *Accidence*,

Some at *Qui mihi*. heere's not a boy

But he can conster all his *Grammer Rules*:

Sed ubi sunt Sodales, not yet come?

Those *tarde venientes*, shall be whipt.

Vbi est Pipkin, wher's that lazie ktraue?

He playes the trewant euery Saturday,

But mistres *Virga*, Lady *Willowbie*

Shall teach him, that *Diluculo surgere*

Enter Pipkin.

Est saluberrimum, here comes the ktraue.

1 Boy. *Tarde, tarde, tarde.*

2 Boy. *Tarde, tarde, tarde.*

Ami. *Huc a tes Pipkin*: reach a better rod,

Cur tam tarde venis? Speake where haue you beene?

Is this a time of day to come to schoole:

Vbi fuisti, speake where hast thou beene?

Pip. *Magister quomodo vales?*

Ami. Is that *responsio* fitting my demaund?

Pip. *Etiā certe*, you aske me where I haue bin, & I say,

how to choofe a good Wife from a bad.

Quomodo vales, as much to say, come out of the alehouse

Ami. Vntrusse, vntrusse: nay helpe him, helpe, him.

Pip. *Queso preceptor*, *queso*, for Gods sake do not whip me,
Quid est Gramatica.

Ami. Not whip you, *Quid est Gramatica*, what's that?

Pip. *Gramatica est*, that if I vntrusse, you must needs,
whip me vpon them: *Quid est Gramatica?*

Ami. Whythen, *dic mihi*, speake, where hast thou been?

Pip. Forsooth my mistris sent me of an arrant, to fetch
my M. from the exchange, we had strangers at home at
dinner, & but for them I had not come *tarde*, *queso preceptor.*

Ami. Conster your lesson, perce it, *ad vnguem*
Et condemnato too, Ilee pardon the.

Pip. That I will M. and if youle giue me leane. (*expone*,

Ami *Propriaq; maribus tribuntur mascula dicas*, *expone*,

Pip. Conster it master? I will, *Dicas* they say, *propria* the
proper man, *que maribus* that loues mary-bone, *mascula*
mis-call'd mee.

Ami. A pretty queint, and new construction.

Pip. I warrant you Master, if thete be any mary-bones
in my lesson, I am an old dog at them, How conster you
this Matter: *Rostra desertus amat?*

Ami *disertus* a disard, *amat* doth loue, *Rostra* Rostmeat.

Pip. A good construction on a empty stomacke: Master,
now I haue consterd my lesson, my mistris would pray you
to let me come home, to go of an arrand,

Ami. Your *tres sequuntur*, and away,

Pip. *Canis* a hog, *rana* a dog, *porcus* a frog,
Abeundum est mihi. *Makes a leg, and Exit.*

Ami. Yours sirra, too then, and *ad prandium.*

I *Apis* a bed, *genu* a knee, *Vulcanus* Doctor Dee:
Viginti minus usus est mihi.

Ami. By *Iunos* lip, and *Staturus* thumbe,
It was *bonus*, *bona*, *bonum*.

A pleasant conceited Comedie,

2. Boy, *Vitrum* glasse. *spica* grasse, *tu es asinus*, you are an Ass, *precor tibi felicem noctem*.

Ami. *Claudite iam libros pueri sat prate bibistis*,
Looke when you come againe you tell me *ubi fuistis*
He that minds trish trash, and will not haue a care of his
He I will be-lish lash, and haue a sting at his *podix*. (*redix*,

Enter Yong Arthur.

Yon. Ar. A pretty wench, a passing pretty wench,
A sweeter duck all London cannot yeeld,
She cast a glance on me as I pass'd by,
Not *Hellen* had so rauishing an eye.
Heere is the Pedant, Sir, *Aminadab*,
I will inquire of him, if he can tell,
By any circumstance, whose wife she is:
Such fellowes commonly haue intercourse,
Without suspicion, where we are debard.
God saue you sir *Aminadab*.

Ami. *Salve tu quoq;* would you speake with me?
You are I take it, and let me not lie,
For as you know *Mentire non est meum*,
Yong M. Arthur, quid vis, what will you?

Yon. Ar. You are a man I much rely vpon.
There is a pretty wench dwels in this streete,
That keeps no shop, nor is not publike knowne:
At the two posts, next turning of the lane,
I saw her from a window looking out:
O, could you tell me how to come acquainted,
With that sweete lasse, you should command me sir,
Euen to the vtmost of my power.

Ami. *Dei boni, boni*, tis my loue he meanes:
But I will keepe it from this Gentleman;
And so I hope make triall of my loue,

Yon. Ar. If I obtaine her thou shalt win thereby,
More than at this time I will promise thee.

Ami.

how to choose a good Wife from a bad.

Ami. Quando venis apat, I shall haue two i.ornes on my Caput.

Yon, Ar. What if her husband come and find one there

Ami. Nunquam, time neuer feare,

She is vnmarried I sweare,

But if I helpe you to thee deed,

Tu vis narrare how you speed,

Yong Ar. Tell how I speed, I sir, I will to you,

Then presently about it, Many thanks,

For this great kindnes, Sir *Aminadab.*

Ami. If my puella proue a drab,

Ile be reueng'd on both, *ambo* shall die,

Shall die by what, for *ego* I,

Haue neuer handled I thanke God,

Other weapon then a rod:

I dare not fight for all my speeches,

Sed Caue, if I take him thus,

Ego sum expert at vntruste,

Exeunt.

Enter Iustice Reason, old Arthur, old Lusam, Mistresse

Arthur, Young Lusam and Hugh.

Old Ar. We, Master *Iustice Reason*, come about

A serious matter that concernes vs neare.

Old Lu. I marry doth it sir, concerne vs neare.

Would God sir you would take some order for it.

Old Ar. Why looke ye M, *Lusam* you are such another,

You will be talking what concernes vs neare,

And know not why we come to M-*Iustice.*

Old Lu. How, know not I?

Old Ar. No sir, not you.

Old Lu. Well, I know some what, though, I know not

Then on I pray you,

(that

Iust. Forward I pray, yet the case is plaine,

Old Ar. Why sir as yet you doe not know the case.

Old Lu. Well, he knows some what, forward M. *Arthur.*

D.

Old Ar.

A pleasant conceited Comedie.

Old Ar. And as I told you, my vnruely sonne,
One hauing bid his wife home to my house,
There tooke occasion to be much agrieu'd,
About some household matters of his owne,
And in plaine termes,, they fell in controuersie,

Old Lu. Tis true sir, I was there the selfe same time,
And I remember many of the words.

Old Ar. Lord what a man are you, you were not there
That time, as I remember you were rid
Downe to the North to see some friends of yours.

Old Lu. Well I was some where: forward M. *Arthur.*

Iust. All this is well, no fault is to be found.

In either of the partes, pray say on.

Old Ar. Why sir, I haue not nam'd the parties yet, [
Nor tucht the fault that is complain'd vpon.

Old Lu. Well, you tucht somewhat, forward M. *Arthur*

Old Ar. And as I sayd, they fell in contriuerfie,
My sonne not like a husband, gaue her words,
Of great reproofe, despight and contumely,
Which she poore soule digested patiently,
This was the first time of their falling out,
As I remember, at the selfe same time,
One *Thomas* the Earle of Surrays Gentleman;
Dined at my table,

Old Lu. O, I knew him well.

Old Ar. You are the strangest man, this Gentleman
That I speake of, I am sure you neuer saw;
He came but lately from beyong the sea.

Old Lu. I am sure I know one *Thomas*: forward sir.

Iust. And is this all? make me a Mittimus,
And send the offender straitewayes to the gale,

Old Ar. First know the offender, how began the strife,
Betwixt this Gentlewoman and my sonne,
Since when sir, he hath vied her nothing like one

That

how to choose a good Wife from a bad.

That should partake his bed, But like a slave.
My coming was, that you being in office,
And in authority, should call before you
My vnthrif sonne, to giue him some aduise,
Which he will take better from you then me
That am his father, heer's the Gentlewoman,
VVite to my sonne, and daughter to this man,
VVhom I perforce compeld to liue with vs.

Iust. All this is well here is your sonne you say
But she that is his wife you cannot find.

Yong Lu. You do mistake sir, heer's the Gentlewoman,
It is her husband that will not be found.

Iust. VVell, all is on, for man and wife are one
But is this all?

Yong Lu. I, all that you can say,
And much more then you can well put off.

Iust. Nay, if the cause appeare thus eident,
Giue me a cup of wine: what, man and wife,
To disagree, I prethee fill my cup:
I could say some what; tut, tut, by this wine,
I promise you tis good Canary Sacke.

Mis. Ar. fathers you doe me open violence,
To bring my name in question, and produce
This gentleman and others heare to witnesse
My husbands shaine in open audience,
VVhat may my husband thinke when he shall know
I went vnto the Iustice to complaine:
But M. Iustice here, more wise then you
Saves little to the matter, knowing well
His office is no whit concern'd herein,
Therefore with fauour I will take my leave.

Iust. The woman saith but reason M. *arthur.*
And therefore giue her licence to depart.

Old Lu. Here is drie Iustice, not to bid vs drinke.

A pleasant conceited Comedie.

Harke thee my friend, I prethee lend thy cup :

Now M. Iustice heare me but one word,

You thinke this woman hath had little wrong,

But by this wine which I intend to drinke.

Iust. Nay saue your oath, I pray you do not sweare,
Or if you sweare, take not too deepe an oath

Old Lu. Content you, I may take a lawfull oath
Before a Iustice : therefore by this wine,

You Lu. A profound oath, well sworne, & deeply tooke,
Tis better thus than swearing on a booke.

Old Lu. My daughter hath been wrong'd exceedingly.

Iust. O sir I would haue cerdited these wordes,
Without this oath : but bring your daughter hither,
That I may giue her counsell ere you goe.

Old Lu. Marry Gods blessing on your hear for that,
Daughter giue care to Iustice *Reasons* wordes.

Iust. Good woman, or good wife, or Mistres, if you
haue done a misse it should seeme you haue done a fault : and
makeing a fault, thers question but you haue done amisse :
but if you walke vprightly, & neither leane to the right hand
nor to the left, no question but ye haue neither led to the
right hand nor to the left, but as a man should sy walked
vprightly : but it should appeare by these plainetiffes, that
you had some wrong, if you loue your spouse intierly, it
should seeme you affect him feruently, and if he hate you
monstrously, it should seeme he loaths you most exceeding-
ly : and theres the point, at which I will leaue, for the time
passes away : therefore to conclude, this is my my best coun-
sell, looke that thy husband so fall in, that hereafter you
neuer fall out.

Old Lu. Good counsell, passing good instruction,
Follow it daughter. Now I promise you,
I haue not heard such an Oration.

This many a day : what remaines to doo ?

Yong Lu.

how to choose a good Wife from a bad.

Tom Lu. Sir, I was cal'd as witnessse to this matter,
I may be gone for ought that I can see.

Iust. Nay stay my friend we must examine you,
What can you say concerning this debate,
Betwixt yong M. *Arthur* and his wife.

Yong Lus. Faith iust as much I thinke as you can say,
And thats iust nothing.

Iust. How nothing? come depose him, take his oath:
Swear him I say, take his confession.

Old Ar. What can you say fir in this doubtfull case?

Yon, Lu. Why nothing fir,

Iust We cannot take him in a contrary rayle,
For he sayes nothing still, and that same nothing
Is that which we haue stood on all this while,
He hath confest euen all, for all is nothing:
This is your witnessse, he hath witness nothing
Since nothing then so plainly is confest,
And we by cunning answeres and by wit,
Haue wrought him to confesse nothing to vs,
Write his confession.

Old Ar. Why what should we write?

Iust. Why nothing: heardly you not as well as I,
What he confest? I say write nothing downe,
Mistres we haue dismiss you, loue your husband,
Which whilst you do, you shall not hate your husband
Bring him before me, I will vrge him with
This Gentlemans expresse confession,
Against you send him to me, ile not faile
To keepe iust nothing in my memory.
And fir, now that we haue examined you,
We likewise here dicit' arge you with good leaue:
Come M. *Arthur* and M. *Lusam* too,
Come in with me, vlesse the man were here,
Whom most especially, the cause concernes,

A pleasant conceited Comedie,

VVe cannot end this quarrell: but come neere,
And we will tast a glasse of our March beere. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mistris Mary, Mistris Splay, and Brabo.

Ma. I prethee tell me *Brabo* what planet thinkest thou
gouerned at my conception, that I liue thus openly to the
world?

Ara. Two planetes rainde, at once: *Venus*, thats you,
And *Mars* thats I, were in coniunction.

Splay. Prethee, prethee, in faith that coniunction cop-
pulative, is that part of speech that I liue by.

Bra. Ha, ha, to see the world, we swaggerers
That liue by oaths and big-mouth'd menaces,
Are now reputed for the tallest men:
He that hath now a black muchato
Reaching from eare to eare, or turning vp
Puncto reuerso, bristling towards the eye:
He that can hang two handsome tools at his side:
Go in disguised attire, weare Iron enough,
Is held a tall man and a souldier.

He that with greatest grace can sweare gogs zounds,
Or in a Tauerne make a drunken fray.
Can cheat at dice, swagger in bawdy houses,
Weare velvet on his face: and with a grace
Can face it out with, as I am a souldier:
He that can clap his sword vpon the boord
Hee's a braue man, and such a man am I.

Ma. She that with kisses can both kill and cure,
That liues by loue, that sweares by nothing else
But by a kisse, which is no common oath:
That liues by lying, and yet oft tels truth,
That takes most pleasure when she takes most paines,
Shee's a good wench my boy, and such am I.

Splay. She that is past it, and prays for them that may,

Bra. Is an old bawde, as you are *Mistris Splay*.

Splay

how to choose a good Wife from a bad.

Splay. O do not name that name; doe you not know,
That I could neuer indure to heare that name?
But if your man would leaue vs, I would reade
The lesson that last night I promis'd you.

Ma. I prethee leaue vs: we would be alone.

Bra. And will, and must: if you bid me be gone.
I will with draw, and draw on any he,
That in the worlds wide round dare cope with me.
Mistris fare well, to none I neuer spake,
So kind a word: my saluations are:

Fare well and be hang'd, or in the diuels name:

What they haue beene my many fraies can tell,
You cannot fight, therefore to you farewell, *Exit.*

Ma. O, his lunc swagere is the bulwark of my reputation
But *Mitt.* *Splay,* now to your lecture that you promis'd me.

Splay. Daughter attend, for I will tell thee now,
What in my young dayes, I my selfe haue tride;
Be rul'd by mee, and I will make thee rich,
You (God be prayse) are faire, and as they say,
Full of good partes; you haue bin often tride,
To be a woman of good carriage,
Which in my minde, is very commendable.

Ma. It is indeede: toward good mother *spay.*

Splay. And as I told you, being faire, I wish
Sweete daughter, you were as fortunate:
When any suter comes to aske thy loue,
Looke not into his wordes, but into his sleeue:
If thou canst learne what language his puite speakes,
Be rul'd by that, that golden eloquence,
Mony can make a slaueering tongue speake plaine:
If hee that loues thee, be deform'd and rich,
Accept his loue, Gold hides deformitie:
Gold can make limping *Vulcan* walke vp right,
Make squint eyes looke straight, a crab'd face looke smooth,
Guiltes

A pleasant conceited Comedie,

Guilds copper noses, makes them looke like gold,
Fils ages wrinkles vp, and makes a face
As old as *Nestors*, looke as yong as *Cupids*.
If thou wilt arme thy selfe against all thiefs,
Regard all men according to their gifts,
This if thou practise, thou, when I am dead,
Wilt say, old mother *Splay* soft layd thy head

Enter yong Arthur.

Ma. Soft, who comes here? be gone good mistres *Splay*
Of thy rules practise, this is first my day.

Splay God for thy passion, what a beast am I
To scare the bird that to the net would flie.

Exit.

Yon. Ar. By your leaue mistresse.

Ma. What doe Maister?

Yong Ar. To giue me leaue to loue you.

Ma. I had rather afford you some loue to leaue me.

Yon. Ar. I would you would as soone loue me, as I could

Ma. I pray you what are you sir? (leaue you

Yon. Ar. A man ile assure you,

Ma. How should I know that?

Yon. Ar. Trie me by my word, for I say I am a man,
Or by my deed, ile proue my selfe a man.

Ma. Are you not Master *Arthur*?

Yon. Ar. Not M. *Arthur*, but *Arthur*, and your seruant
sweet Mistresse *Mary*.

Mar. Not Mistris *Mary*, but *Mary*, and your hand-
maid, sweet M. *Arthur*.

Yon. Ar. That I loue you, let my face tell you: that I loue
you more then ordinary, let this kisse testifie: and that I loue
you feruently and entirely aske this gift, and see what it will
answere you: my selfe, my purse, and all being wholie at
your seruice.

Ma. That I take your loue in good part, my thanks
shall speake for me: that I am pleas'd with your kisse, this
interest

how to choose a good Wife from a bad.

interest of another shall certifie you, and that I accept your gift, my prostrate service and selfe shall witnesse with me. My loue, my lips, and sweet selfe are at your seruice: wilk please you to come neare sir?

Tom. Ar. O that my wife were dead, here would I make My second choice, would she were buried,
From out her graue this Marigold should grow;
Which in my nuptials I would weare with pride:
Die shall she, I haue doom'd her destiny.

Ma. Tis newes M. *Arthur* to see you in such a place,
How doth your wife?

Tom, Ar. Faith mistres *Mary* at the point of death,
And long she cannot liue, she shall not liue
To trouble me in this my second choice.

Enter Aminadab with a bill and a head peece.

Ma. I pray forbear sir, for here comes my loue,
Good sir for this time leaue me: by this kisse
You cannot aske the question at my hands
I will deny you; pray you get you gone.

Exh.

Tom. Ar. Farewell sweet mistres *Mary*.

Ma. Sweet adieu,

Ami. Stand to me bill, and head peece sit thou close
I heare my loue, my wench, my ducke, my deare,
Is sought by many suiters, but with this
Ile keepe the dore, and enter in who dare,
Virga is gone, thy twigs Ile turne to Steele,
These fingers that were expert in the ierke,
In stead of lashing o' the trembling *podes*,
Must learue to push and knocke, and beate and mall,
Cleauue pates and *caputs*, he that enters here,
Comes one death, *mors mortis*, he shall taste.

Ma. Alas poore foole the pedants mad for loue;
Thinke me more mad that I, would marry him:
Hee's come, to watch me with a rusty bill,

E.

To

how to choofe a good Wife from a bad.

To keepe my friendes away by force of armes,
I will not fee him but stand still afide,
And here obferue him what he meanes to do.

Ami. O *uinam*, that he that loues her beft,
Durst offer but to touch her in this place,
Per lehonab, & lunonem, hoc
Shall paff his Coxcombe fuch a knocke,
As that his foule his courfe fhall take,
To *Limbo* and *Aueruus lake*.

In vaine I watch in this darke hole
Would any liuing durst my ma: hood trie,
And offer to come vp the flaires this way.

Ma. O wee fhould fee you make a goodly fray.

Ami. The wench I here watch with my bill,
Amo, amas, amui, ftill,
Qui audit, let him come that dare,
Death, hell, and *Limbo* be his thare.

Enter Brabo.

Bra. Wher's Miftres Mary neuer a poft here,
A bar of Iron gainft which to rite my fword?
Now by my beard a dainty peece of Steele.

Ami. O lone what a qualme is this I feele?

Bra. Come hither Mal, is none here but we too, *the*
When didft thou fee the ftarueling Schoolemaifter?
That Rat, that ftimp, that fpindlethank, that wren, that
fheepebiter, that leane chittiface, that tamine, that leane en-
uy, that all bones, that bare anatomy, that lacke a leut that
Ghoft, that shadow, that moon in the waine.

Ami. I waile in woe, I plunge in paine.

Bra. When next I find him here Ile hang him vp
Like a dried Sawfage in the chimney top,
That Stock-fift, that poore *Iohn*, that gut of men.

Ami. O that I were at home againe.

Bra. When he comes next, turne him into the ftreets;

Now

A pleasant conceited Comedie.

Now come, lets dance the shaking of the sheetes. *Exit.*

Ami. *Qui que quod*: hence-boistrous bil, come gentle
Had not grim Malkin stamp and starde, (rod,

Aminadab had little carde,
Or if in stead of this browne bill,
I had kept my mistris *Virga* still,
And he vpon anothers backe,
His prongs vntrust, his breeches slacke,
My countenance he should not dash,
For I am expert in the lash,
But my swcet Lasse, my loue doth flie,
Which shall make me by poyson die,
Perfidem, I will rid my life

Euer by poyson, sword, or knife. *Exit.*

Enter mistres Arthur and Pipkin.

Mis. Ar. Sirra: when saw you your maister?

Pip. faith m fies when I last lookt vpon him.

Mis. Ar. And when was that.

Pip. When I beheld him.

Mis. Ar. And when was that?

P.p. Mary when he was in my sight, and that was yesterday, since when I saw him not, nor look'd on him nor beheld him, nor had any sight of him.

Mis. Ar. Was he not at my father in lawes?

Pip. Yes mary was he.

Mis. Ar. Didst thou not intreate him to come home?

Pip. How should I mistres, he came not there to day.

Mis. Ar. Didst thou not say he was there?

Pip. True mistres, he was there, but I told you not when
He hath beene there diueres times of late.

Mis. Ar. About your busines, here Ile sit and waite
His comming home, though is be neete so late,
Now once againe go looke him at the Change,
Or at the Church with Sir *Aminadab*,

E. s.

Tis

A pleasant conceited Comedie.

Tis told me they vse often conference:
When that is done, get you to schoole againe.

Pip. I had rather play the trewant at home, than goe seeke my M. at schoole: let me see, what age am I, some foure and twenty, and how haue I profited? I was fise yeare learning cris-crosse from great A, and fise ycere longer comming to F, there I stuck some three yeere before I could come to Q: and so in proceffe of time I came to Epêrse e, and conperse, and tittle: then I got to a, e, i, o, u: alter, to Our Father: and in the sixeteenth yeare of my age, and fiftenth of my going to schoole, I am (in good time) gotten to a nowne, by the same token there my hose went downe: then I got to a verb there I began first to haue a beard: then I came to iste, ista, istud, there my maister whipt me till he fetcht the bloud, &c. so that now I am become the greatestt scholer in the schoole for I am bigger then two or three of them. But I am gone, farewell mistris.

Exit.

Enter Anselme and Fuller.

Ful. Loue none at all, they will for-sweare themselves,
And when you vrge them with it there replies,
Are, that loue laughs at louers periuries.

Ans. You told me of a iest concerning thar,
Prethee let me heare it.

Ful. That thou shalt.

My Mistris in a humour had protested,
That aboute all the world she lou'd me best,
Saying with suters she was oft molested,
And she hath lodg'd her heart within my breast:
And sweare (but me) both by her maske and fan,
She neuer would so much as name a man,
Not name a man, quoth I? yet be aduise,
Not loue a man but me, let it so:
You shall not thinke, quoth she, my thoughts disguise

In

how to choose a good Wife from a bad,

In flattering language, or dissembling shew,
I say againe, and I know what I do,
I will not name a man alivie but you.
Into her house I came at vnaware,
Her backe was to me, and I was not seene,
I stole behinde her till I had her faire,
Then with my hands I closed both her eyne:
She blinded thus, beginneth to be thinke her,
Which of her Loues 'twas that did hood-winck her
First she begins to guesse and name a man,
That I well knew, but she had knowne far better.
That next I neuer did suspect till than,
Still of my name I could not heare a letter,
Then mad, she did name *Robin* and then *James*
Till she had reckned vp some twenty names,
At length, when she had counted vp the score,
As one among the rest she hit on me:
I askt her if she could not reckon more,
And pluckt away my hands to let her see,
But when she lookt backe, and saw me behind her?
She blusht, and askt if it were I did blinde her?
And since I sware both by her maske and fanne,
To trust no she tong, that can name a man.

An. Your great oath hath some exceptions,
But to your further purpote, you is Mistris *Arthur*,
We will attempt another kind of wooing,
And make her hate her hulbaud if we can.

Ful. But not a word of passion or of loue,
Haue at her now to try her patience,
God saue you mistres.

Mi. Ar. You are welcome sir.

Ful. Wher's your husband I pray?

M. Ar. Not within.

Ans. Who M. *Arthur*? him I saw euen now.

A pleasant conceited Comedie,

At mistris *Maries* the braue Curtizans.

Mis. Ar. Wrong not my husbands reputation so,
I neither can nor will beleue you sir.

Ful. Poore Gentlewoman, how much I pittie you,
Your husband is become her only guest:
He lodges there, and dayly diets there,
He riots, reuels, and doth all things,
Nay, he is held the master of mis-rule,
Mongst a most loathed and abhorred crew,
And can you, being a woman, suffer this?

Mis. Ar. Sir, sir, I vnderstand you well enough;
Admit my husband both frequent that house
Of such dishonest vsage, I suppose
He doth it but in zeale to bring them home
By his good counsell, from that course of sinne:
And like a Christian, seeing them astray
In the broad path that to damnation leades,
He vseth thither to direct their feete,
Into the narrow way that guides to heauen.

An. Was euer woman gull'd so palpably?
But mistris *Arthur*, thinke you as you say?

Mis. Ar. Sir, what I thinke, I thinke, and what I say,
I would I could enioyne you to beleue.

An. Faith mistris *Arthur*, I am sorry for you,
And in good sooth I wish it lay in me
To remedy the least part of these wrongs
Your vnkind husband dayly profers you.

Mis. Ar. You are deceiued, he is not vnkind,
Although he beare an outward face of hate,
His heart and soule are both assured mine.

As. He mistris *Arthur*, take a better spirit,
Be not so timorous to rehearse your wronges?
I say your husband haunts bad company,
Swaggerers, cheaters, wanton curtizans,

There

how to choose a good Wife from a bad.

There he defiles his body, stains his soule,
Consumes his wealth, vndoes himselfe and you,
In danger of diseases, whose vilde names,
Are not for any honest mouthes to speake,
Nor any chaste eares to receiue and heare,
O, he will bring that face admird for beauty,
To be more loathed than a leprous skinne:
Diuorce your selfe now whilst the clouds grow black,
Prepare your selfe a shelter for the storme,
Abondon his most loathed fellowship,
You are yong mistres, will you loose your youth?

Mis. Ar. Tempt no more diuell, thy deformity,
Hath chang'd it selfe into an Angels shape,
But yet I know thee by thy course of speech,
Thou gets an apple to betray poore *Eue*,
Whole out side beares a shew of pleasant fruit,
But the wild branch, on which this apple grew,
Was that which drew poore *Eue* from Paradise,
Thy Syrens song could make me drowne my selfe,
But I am tied vnto the masse of truth.
Admitt my husband be inclinde to vice,
My vertues may in time recall him home:
But if we both should desp'rate runne to sinne,
We should abide certaine destruction.
But hee's like one, that ouer a sweet face,
Puts a deformed vizard, for his soule
Is free from any such intents of ill:
Onely to trie my patience, he puts on
An vgly shape of blacke intemperance:
Therefore this blot of shame, which he now weares,
I with my prayers will purge, and wash with teares.

Exit.

Ans. Fuller.

Ful. Anselme.

Ans.

A pleasant conceited Comedie,

Ans. How lik'st thou this?

Ful. As schoole boyes ierkes, Apes whips, as Lions
Asfuries do fasting dayes, and diuels crosses, (cocks,
As maides to haue their mariage dayes put off:
I like it as this as I most do loath,
What wilt thou do? for shame persist no more
In this extremity of frivulous loue,
I see my doctrine moues no precise cares,
But such as are profess *inamoratos*.

Ans. O I shall die.

Ful. Tush, lue to laugh a little,
Heeres the best subiect that my loue affoord's
Listen awhile and heare this: ho boy, speake.

Ami. *As in presenti*, thou loath'st the gift I sent thee,
Nolo plus tarry but die, for the beauntious Mary,
Faine would I die by a sword, but what sword shal I die by?
Or by a stone, what stone? *nullis lapis iacet ibi.* (vaines
Knife I haue none to sheth in my brest, or empty my full
Here is no wall or post that I can soile with my bruid
braines.

First will I therefore say two or three Creedes and Auema-
And after go buy a poyson at the Apothecaries. *rica.*

Ful. I pray thee *Anselme* but obserue this fellow
Does't not heare him? he would die for loue:
That mish-shap't loue thou would'st condemn in him
I see in thee, I prethee note him wel.

Ans. Were I assur'd that I were such a louer,
I should be with my selfe quite out of loue:
I prethee lets perswade him still to lue.

Ful. That were a dangerous case, perhaps the fellow
In desperation would to sooth vs vp,
Promise repentant recantation,
And after fall into that desperate course,
Both which I will preuent with policy.

Ami,

how to choose a good Wife from a bad.

Ami. O death come with thy ~~part~~, come death when I bid
Mors veni veni Mors, and from this misery rid me: (thee,
she whom I lou'd, whom I lou'd, euen she my sweet pretty
Doth but flout, and mock, and iest, and dissemulary. (*Mary*

Full. Ile fit him finely, in this Paper is
The iuyce of Mandrake, by a Doctor made,
To cast a man; whose leg should be cut off
Into a deepe, a colde and senselesse sleepe,
Of such approued operation,
That who so takes it, is for twice twelue houres,
Breathlesse, and to all mens iudgements, past all sense:
This will I giue the Pedant, but in sport,
For when tis knowne to take effect in him,
The world will but esteeme it as a iest:
Besides, it may be a meanes to saue his life,
For being perfect poyson, as it seemes,
His meaning is, some couetous slaue for coyne,
Will sell it him, though it be held by law,
To be no better then flat felony.

Ans. Vphold the iest: but he hath spied vs; pace.

Ami. Gentles, God saue you,
Here is a man I haue noted oft, most learned in phisicke,
One man he helpt of the cogh, another he healed of the tiffick
And I will boord him thus: *Salue, O salue magister.*

Full. *Gratus mihi aduenis, quid tecum vis,*

Ami. *Optatum venis, paucis te volo.*

Full. *Siquid in dustria nostra tibi faciat, dic queso.*

Ami. Attend me sir, I haue a simple house,
But as the learned *Diogenes* saith,
In his Epistle to *Tertullian*,
It is extreameley troubled with great Rats,
I haue no *musse* puffle, nor grey eyde Cat,
To hunt them out, O could your learned Art,
Shew me a meanes how I might poyson them.

A pleasant conceited Comedie.

Tuus dum suus, sir Aminadab.

Ful. With all my heart, I am no Rat-chatcher,
But if you need a poyson, here is that
Will pepper both your Dogs and Rats and Cats:
Nay spare your purse, I giue this in good will,
And as it proues I pray you send to me?
And let me know, would you aught else with me?

Ami. Minime quidem, heres that you say will take them:
A thousand thanks sweet sir, I say to you,
As Tully in his Esops Fables sayd,
Ago tibi gratias, so farewell, *vale.*

Exit.

Ful. Adew. Come let vs goe, I long to see
What the euent of this new iest will bee.

Enter yong Arthur.

Yon. Ar. Good morrow Gentlemen, saw you not this way
As you were walking, Sir *Aminadab*?

Ans. M. Arthur, as I take it.

Yong Ar. Sir the same.

Ans. Sir, I desire you more familiar loue,
Would I could bid my selfe vnto your house,
For I haue wisht for your acquaintance long.

Yong Ar. Sweet M. *Anselme* I desire yours too:
Will you come dine with me morrow,
You shall be welcome I assure you sir.

Ans. I feare sir I shall proue too bold a guest,

Yon. Ar. You shall be welcome if you bring your friend.

Ful. O Lord sir, we shall be too troublesome.

Yon Ar. Nay now I will inforce a promise from you,
Shall I expect you?

Ful. Yes with all my heart.

Ans. A thousand thanks. Yonders the Schoolmaister.
So till to morrow twenty times farewell.

Yon. Ar. I double all your farewellles twenty fold.

Ans. O this acquaintance was well scrapt of me,

By

how to chooſe a good Wiſe from a bad.

By this my loue to morrow I ſhall ſee.

Exit.

Ami. This poiſon ſhall by force expell,

Amorem loue, *infernum* hell.

Per hoc venenum ego I,

For my ſweet louely laſſe will die.

Ion. Ar. What do I heare of poiſon, which ſweet meanes

Muſt make me a braue frolike widdower?

It ſeemes the dooting foole being forlorne,

Hath got ſome compound mixture, in diſpaire

To end his deſparate fortunes and his life:

He get it from him, and with this make way

To my wiues night, and to my loues faire day.

Ami. In *nomine domine*, friends ſarewell:

I know death comes heres ſuch a ſmell

Pater & Mater, father and mother,

Frater & ſoror, ſiſter and brother,

And my ſweete *Marie*, not theſe drugges,

Doe ſend me to the infernall bugges,

But thy vnkindneſſe: ſo adue,

Hob-goblins now I come to you,

Ion. Ar. Hold man, I ſay what will the mad man doe?

I haue got thee, thou ſhalt goe with me:

No more of that, ſie ſir *Minadab*,

Deſtroy your ſelfe: if I but heare hereafter

You praſtiſe ſuch reuenge vpon your ſelfe,

All your friends ſhall know that for a wench,

A paltry wench, you would haue kild your ſelfe.

Ami. O *tace queſo*, doe not name

This frantick deed of mine for ſhame:

My ſweet *Maſter* not a word,

He neither drowne me in a ford,

Nor giue my neck ſuch a ſcope,

To imbrace it with a hempen rope:

He die no way till nature will mee,

A pleasant conceited Comedie.

And death come with his dart and kill me,
If what is past, you will conceale,
And nothing to the world reueale,
Nay as *Quintilian* sayd of yore,
He strue to kill my selfe no more.

Ton. Ar. On that condition, He conceale this deed,
To morrow pray come and dine with me,
For I haue many strangers: mongst the rest
Some are desirous of your company:
You will not faile me?

Ami. No in sooth, He trie the sharpnesse of my tooth
In stead of poyson I will eate,
Rabbits, Capons, and such meate,
And so, as *Pythagoras* saies,
With holefome fare prolong my dayes.
But Sir, will mistres *Mal* be there?

Tong Ar. She shall, she shall man, neuer feare,

Ami. Then my spirit becomes stronger,
And I will liue and stretch longer,
For *Onid* said, and did not lye,
That poysoned men doe often die,
But poyson hencefoorth ile not eate,
Whil't I can other victuales get,
To morrow if you make a feast,
Be sure sir I will be your guest,
But keepe my counsell, *Vale tu*,
And till to morrow sir adieu:
At your table I will proue,
If I can eate away my loue.

Exit.

Tong Ar. O I am glad I haue thee, now deuise
A way how to bestow it cunningly,
It shall be thus: to morrow He pretend
A reconcilement twixt my wife and me,
And to that end I will inuite thus many.

First

how to choose a good Wife from a bad,

First Iustice reason, as the chiefe man there,
My father *Arthur*, old *Lusam*, yong *Lusam*, *M. Fuller*,
And *M. Anselme*, I haue bid already.
Then will I haue my hope my *Mary* too,
Be it but to spite my wife before she die:
For die she shall before to morrow night,
The operation of this poison is,
Not suddenly to kill, they that take it
Fall in a sleepe, and then it is past recure,
And this will I put in her cup to morrow.

Enter Pipkin running.

Pip. This it is to haue such a Maister, I haue sought him
at the Change, at the Schoole, at euery place, but I cannot
finde him no where. O cry mercy my Mistres would in-
treat you to come home.

Yon. Ar. I cannot come to night, some vrgent businesse
Will all this night imploy me otherwise.

Pip. I belecue my mistresse would kon you as much
thanke to doe that businesse at home as a broad.

Yon. Ar. Here take my puiſe and bid my wife provide
Good cheate against to morrow, there will be,
Two or three strangers of my late acquaintance,
Sirrah goe you to Iustice *Reasons* house,
Inuite him first with all solemnity,
Go to my Fathers, and my Father in lawes,
Here take this note,
The rest that come I will inuite my selfe
About it with what quick dispatch thou canst.

Pip. I warrant you Maister ile dispatch this busines with
more honesty then youle dispatch yours. But maister, will
the Gentlewoman be there?

Yong Ar. What Gentlewoman?

Pip. The Gentlewoman of the old house, that is aswell
knowne by the colour she laies of her cheeks, as an alehouse

A pleasant conceited Comedie,

by the the painting is laid of his lettice: she that is like *Homo*,
common to all men: she that is beholding to no trade, but
liues of her selfe.

Yon. Ar. Sirra begone, or I will send you hence.

Pip. Ile go, but by this hand ile tell my mistres as soone as
I come home, that mistres Lightheeles comes to dinner to
morrow.

Yon. Ar. Sweet Mistres *Mary* Ile inuite my selfe,
And there Ile frolicke, sup and spend the night.
My plot is current, here tis in my hand,
Will make me happy in my second choice,
And I may freely challeng as mine owne,
What I am now inforcede to seeke by stealth.
Loue is not much vnlike ambition,
For in them both all lets must be remoued,
Twixt euery Crowne, and him that would aspire,
And he that will attempt to winne the same,
Must plunge vp to the depth o're head and eares,
And hazard drowning in that purple sea.
So he that loues, must needs through bloud and fire,
And do all thinges to compasse his desire.

Enter Mistresse Arthur and her maid.

Mis. Ar. Come spread the table, is the Hall well rub'd
The cushions in the windowes neatly laid,
The cupboard of Plate set out, the Caskets stucke
With Rosemary and Flowers, the Carpets hrush'd?

Maid. I forsooth Mistris.

Mis. Looke to the Kitchin maid, and bid the Cooke here
take downe the Ouen stone, the Pies be burnt:
Take my Keyes, and giue him out more spice,

Maid. Yes forsooth mistres.

Mis. Ar. Wher's that knaue *Pipkin*, bid him spread the
Fetch the cleane Diaper Napkins, from my chest,
Set out the guild ed salt, and bid the fellow,

Make

How to choose a good Wife from a bad.

Make himsef handfome, get him a cleane band.

Maid. Indeed forsooth mistres, he is a slouen
That nothing will sit handfome about him,
He had a pound of Sope to scowre his face,
And yet his brow lookes like a chimney stocke.

Mis. Ar. Heele be a slouen still: Maid take this apron,
And bring me one of linnen, quickly maid.

Maid. I go forsooth.

Exit, maid.

Mis. Ar. There was a Curtisie, let me see't againe:
I, that was well, I feare my guests will come,
Ere we be ready, what a spight is this?

Within mistresse.

Mis. Ar. VVa's the matter.

Within. Mistresse I pray take *Pipkin* from the fire,
VVe cannot keepe his fingers from the rost.

Mis. Ar. Bid him come hither, what a knaue is that?
Fie, fie, neuer out of the Kitchin,
Still broiling by the fire.

Enter Pipkin

Pip. I hope you will not take *Pipkin* from the fire
Till the broth be enough.

Enter maid with an apron

Mis. Ar. VVell firrah, get a Napkin, and a trensher,
and wait to day: So let me see my apron.

Pip. Mistres I can tell you one thing, my M. wench
will come home to day to dinner.

Enter Iustice Reason and his man.

Mis. Ar. She shall be welcome if she be his guest:
But heer's some of our guests are come already:

A Chaire for Iustice Reason, firra, *(huswife,*

Iust. Good morrow mistres *Arthur*, you are like a good

At your request I am come home: what a Chaire!

Thus age seekes ease: where is your husband mistris?

VVhat a Cushin too?

Pip.

A pleasant conceited Comedie,

Pip. I pray you ease your taile Sir.

Iust. Mary and will good fellow, twenty thanks.

Pip. M. Hue as welcome as hart can tel, or tong can think

Hu. I thanke you M. *Pipkin*, I haue got many a good dish
of broth by your meanes.

Pip. According to the auncient curtesie, you are welcome:
according to the time and place, you are hartily welcome:
when they are busied at the boord, we will find our selues
busied in the buttery, and so sweet *Hugh* according to our
Schollers phraic, *Gratulor aduentum tuum.*

Hu. I will answere you with the like, sweet *Pipkin gratias*

Pip. As much grace as you will, but as little of it as you
can good *Hugh*. But here comes more guesfes,

Enter old Arthur, and old Lufam.

Mis. Ar. More stools and cushions for these Gentlemen.

Old Ar. What M. Iustice *Reason* are you here?

Who would haue thought to haue met you in this place?

Old Lu. What say mine eyes, is Iustice *Reason* here?

Mountaines may meet and so I see may we.

Iust. Well, when men meet, they meet,

And when they part, they oft leaue one anothers company,
So we being met, are met.

Old Lu. Truly you say true,

And M. Iustice *Reason* speakes but reason,
To heare how wisely men of law will speake,

Enter Anselme and Fuller.

Ans. Good morrow Gentlemen.

Mis. Ar. What are you there?

Ans. Good morrow Mistris, and good morrow all,

Iust. If I may be so bold in a strange place,

I say good morrow, and as much to you,

I pray Gentlemen will you sit downe:

We haue beene yong like you, and if you liue

Vnto our age, you will be old like vs.

how to choose a good Wife from a bad.

Ful. Be rulde by reason, but who's here?

Enter Aminadab.

Ami. *Salute omnes*, and good day,

To all at once as I may say,

First *M. Iustice*, next old *Arthur*;

That giues me pension by the quarter,

To my good Mistres and the rest,

That are the founders of this feast.

In brieft I speake to *Omnes* all,

That to their mear intend to fall.

Iust. Wellcome fir *Aminadab*, O my sonne,

Hath profited exceeding well with you,

Sit downe, sit downe by Mistres *Arthurs* leaue.

*Enter Young Arthur, young Lusam
and mistresse Mary.*

Yon. Ar. Gentlemen, welcome all, whilst I deliuer

Their priuate welcomes, wife, be it your charge

To giue this Gentlewoman entertainement,

Mis. Ar. Husband I will, O this is she vsurpes,

The precious interest of my husbands loue:

Though as I am a woman, I could well,

Thrust such a lewd companion out of dores,

Yet as I am a true obedient wife,

I'de kisse her feet to do my husbands will,

You are intirely welcome Gentlewoman,

I indeed you are, pray doe not doubt of it.

(nefty,

Ma. I thanke you Mistres *Arthur*, now by my little ho-

It much repents me to wrong so chaste a woman.

Yon. Ar. Gentles, put ore your legs: first, *M. Iustice*,

Here you shall sit.

Iust. And here shall Mistris *Arthur* sit by me:

Yon. Ar. Pardon me fir, she shall haue my wifes place.

Mis. Ar. Indeed you shall, for he will haue it so,

Mary. If you will needs, but I shall do you wronge to take
your place.

G.

Old Lu.

A pleasant conceited Comedie.

Old Lu. I by my faith you should.

Mist Ar. That is no wrong which we impute no wrong,
I pray you sir.

Ton Ar. Gentlemen all: I pray you seat your selues:
What sir *Aminadab* I know where your heart is.

Ami. Mum not a word, *Pax vobis*, peace:
Come Gentles, ile be of this messe:

Tong Ar. So, who giues thanks?

Ami. Sir that will I.

Ton. Ar. I pray you to it by and by, wheres *Pipkin*?
Wait at the boord, let master *Reasons* man
Be had into the Buttry, but first giue him
A napkin and a trencher: Well said *Hugh*,
Wait at your Masters elbow: Now say Grace:

Ami. *Gloria Deo*, sirs, proface,
Attend me now whilst I say Grace:
For bread and salt, for Grapes and malt,
For flesh and fish, and euery dish,
Mutton and beefe, of all meates chiefe,
For Cowheelles, Chitterlings, tripes, and sowse,
And other meate thats in the house,
For Racks, for Breasts, for Legs, for loines,
For pies, with Raisins, and with proines,
For fritters, pancakes, and for frayes,
For venison pasties and mince Pies,
Sheepes head and garlike, brawne and mustard,
Y Vafers, spiced Cakes, Tartes and Custard:
For Capons, rabbets, Pigges and Geese,
For Apples, Carrawaies and Cheefe:
For all these and many mo,

Benedicamus Domino

All. Amen.

Iust. I kon you thanks, but sir *Aminadab*,
Is that your Scholler? Now I promise you

how to choose a good Wife from a bad.

He is a toward stripling of his age.

Pip. Who I forsooth, yes indeed forsooth I am his Scholler, I would you should well thinke, I haue profited vnder him too, you shall heare if he will pose me.

Old Ar. I pray you, lets heare him.

Ami. *Huc ades Pipkin.*

Pip. *Adsum.*

Ami. *Quot Casus sunt,* how many Cases are there?

Pip. Mary a great many.

Ami. Well answered, a great many, there are sixe,
Sixe, a great many, tis well answered:
And which be they?

Pip. A Bow case, a Cap case, a Combe case, a Lute case,
A Field case, and a Candle case.

Iust. I know them all, againe well answered:
Pray God my youngest boy profit no worse.

Ami. How many parsons are there?

Pip. Ile tell you as many as I know,
if youle giue me leaue to reckon them.

Ans. I prethee doe.

Pip. The Parson of Fanchurch, the parson of Pancridge,
and the Parson of?

Old Ar. Well sir about your busines, now will I,
Temper the Cup my loathed wife shall drinke. *Exit.*

Old Ar. Daughter me thinks you are exceeding sad,

Old Lu. Faith daughter so thou art exceeding sad:

Mis. Ar. Tis but my countinace, for my heart is merry
Mistres, were you as merry as you are welcome
You should not sit so sadly as you doe.

Ma. Tis but because I am seated in your place,
Which is frequented seldome with true mirth.

Mis. Ar. The fault is neither in the place nor me.

Ami. How say you Lady to him you last did lie by?
All is no more, *Prebibo tibi.*

A pleasant conceited Comedie.

Ma. I thank you sir, Mistres this draught shall be,
To him that loues both you and me.

Mis. Ar. I know your meaning

Ans. Now to me,

If you haue either loue or charity.

Mis. Ar. Heare M. *Iustice*, this to your graue eares,
A mournfull draught God wor, halfe wine halfe teares

Iust. Let come my wench, here yongsters to you all,
You are silent, heer's that will make you talke,
Wenches me thinks you sit like puritans.

Neuer a iest abroad to make them laugh?

Ful. Sir, since you moue speech of a puritan,
If you will giue me audience, I will tell yee,
As good a iest as euer ye did heare.

Old Ar. A iest, that's excellent.

Iust. Before hand let's prepare our selues to laugh,
A iest is nothing if it be not grac'd:

Now, now I pray you, when begins this iest?

Ful. I came vnto a Puritane to woe her,
And roughly did salute her with a kisse,
Away quoth she, and rudely pusht me fro her,
Brother, by yea and nay I like not this,
And still with amorous talke she was saluted,
My artles speech with scripture was confuted.

Old Lu. Good, good indeed, the best that ere I heard.

Old Ar. I promise you it was exceeding good.

Ful. Oft I frequented her abroad by night,
And courted her, and spake her wondrous faire
But euer somewhat did offend her sight,
Either my double ruffe, or my long haire,
My skarfe was vaine, my garments hung too low,
My Spanish shoe was Cut too broad at toe.

All. Ha, ha, the best that euer I heard.

Ful. I parted for that time, and came and againe.

Seeming

how to choose a good Wife from a bad,

Seeming to be conformed in looke and speech,
My shoes were sharpe toe'd, and my band was plaine,
Close to my thigh, my metamorphos'de breech,
My Cloake was narrow capde, my haire cut shorter,
Off went my Scarffe, thus marchde I to the Porter.

All. Ha, ha, was euer heard the like?

Ful. The Porter spying me, did lead me in
Where his faire mistres sate reading on a Chapter,
Peace to this house quoth I, and those within,
Which holy speech with admiration wrapt her,
And euer as I spake, and came her nie,
Seeming diuine, turnd vp the white of eye.

Inf. So, so, what then, what then.

Old Ln. Forward, I pray forward fir.

Ful. I spake diuinely, and I cald her sister,
And by this meanes we were acquainted well:
By yea and nay, I will quoth I and kilt her,
She blusht and sayd, that long tongd men would tell,
I seemde to be as secret as the night
And sayd, I would put out the light.

Old Ar. Insooth he would, a passing, passing iest.

Ful. O doe not sweate quoth she, yet put it out
Because I would not haue you breake your oath,
I felt a bed there as I groapt about,
In troth quoth I, here will we rest vs both,
Sweare you intoth quoth shee, had you not sworne
I had not don't, but tooke it in foule soorne,
Then will you come quoth I: though I be loath,
He come quoth she, be it but to keepe your oath.

Inf. Tis very pretty, but now when's the ieast.

Old Ar. O forward to the ieast in any case.

Old Ln. I would not for angell loose the iest.

Ful. Heres right the Dunghill-cocke that finds a pearle,
To talke of wit to these, is as a man,

A pleasant conceited Comedie,

Should cast out Jewels to a heird of swine,
Why in the last words did consist the ieast.

Old Lu. I, in the last words? ha, ha, ha,
It was an exselent admired ieast,
To them that vnderstood it.

Enter Yong Arthur with a cup of wine.

Iust. It was indeed, I must for fashions sake
Say as they say, but otherwise O God;
Good M. *Arthur* thanks for our good cheare.

Ton. Ar. Gentlemen welcome all, now heare me speake
One speciall cause that mou'd me lead you hither,
Is for ancient grudge that hath long since,
Continued twixt my modest wife and me,
The wrongs that I haue done her, I recant,
In either hand I hold a seuerall cup,
This in the right hand, wife I drinke to thee,
This in the leift hand, peldge me in this draught,
Burying all former hatred, so haue so thee: *He drinckes.*

Mis. Ar. The welcom't pledge that yet I euer tooke,
Were this Wine poyson, or did tast like Gall,
The honey sweet condition of your draught,
Would make it drinke like Nectar: I will pledge you
Were it the last that I should euer drinke.

Ton. Ar. Make that account, thus Gentlemen you see
Our late discord brought to an vnity.

Ami. *Ecce quam bonum & quam in cundum,
Est habitare fratres vnum:*

Old Ar. My heart doth tast the sweetnes of your pledge,
And I am glad to see this swee accord.

Old Lu. Glad-quotha, there is not one amongst vs
But may be exceeding glad:

Iust. I am, I marry am I, that I am,

Ton. Lu. The best accord that could betide their loues

Ans. The worst accord that could betide my loue.

Ami,

How to choose a good Wife from a bad;

All about to rise.

Ami. What, rising Gentles? keepe your places,
Ile close vp your stomacks with a grace,
O domine, & chare Pater.

That giu'st vs wine in stead of water,
And from the Pond and Riuer cleare,
Mak'st nappy Ale, and good March Beere,
That send'st vs sundry sorts of meate,
And euery thing we drinke or eate,
To maides, to wiues, to boyes, to men,
Laus Deo sancte, Amen.

Yong Ar. So much good doe ye all, and Gentlemen,
Accept your welcomes better then your cheere.

Old Luf. Nay so we do, Ile giue you thanks for all.
Come Master, *Iustice*, you do walke our way,
And M. *Arthur*, and old *Hugh* your man,
Weele be the first will straine curtesie.

Iust. God be with you all.

Exeunt old Arthur Lufam and Iustice

Ami. *Proximus ego sum*, Ile be the next,
And man you home, how say you Lady?

Yong Ar. I pray you do, good sir *Aminadab*:

Mary. Sir, if it be not too much trouble to you,
Let me intreat that kindnesse at your handes.

Aminadab Intreat, sic, no, sweet lasse command:
Sic se nunc, now take the vpper hand.

He mans her away.

Yong Ar. Come wite, this meeting was all for our sakes,
I long to see the force, my poyson takes.

Mist. Ar. My deare, deare husband, in exchange of hate,
My loue and heart shall on your seruice waite.

Exeunt Arthur and his wife.

Ans. So doth my loue one thee, but long no more,
To her rich loue, thy seruice is too poore.

Full

A pleasant conceited Comedie,

Full. For shame no more, you had best expostulate
Your loue with euery stranger, leaue these sighes,
And change them to familiar conference.

Ans. Thrust me the vertues of yong *Arthurs* wife,
Her Constancy, modest humility,
Her patience, and admired temperance,
Haue made me loue all women kind the better.

Enter Pipkin.

Pip. O my Mistris, my Mistris, she's dead, she's gone,
she's dead, she's gone.

Ans. What's that he sayes?

Pip. Out of my way, stand backe I say, all ioy from earth
is fled,

She is this day as cold as clay, my Mistris she is dead:

O Lord, my Mistris, my mistris.

Exit.

Ans. What, Mistris *Arthur* dead? my soule is vanisht,
And the worlds wonder from the world quite banisht;
O I am sicke, my paine growes worse and worse,
I am quite strooke thorow with this late discourse. (*shame,*

Full. What, faints thou man? Ile lead thee hence for
Sworne at the tidings of a womans death:
Intollerable, and beyond all thought,
Come my louses foole, giue me thy hand to leade,
This day one body and two hearts are dead.

Exeunt.

Yong Luf. But how; she was as well as well might be,
And on the sodaine dead, ioy in excessse
Hath ouer-run her poore disturbed soule.
He after and see how master *Arthur* takes it,
His former hate farre more suspitious makes it.

Exit.

Enter Hugh: and after Pipkin.

Hu. My Maister hath left his Gloues behind, where he
sate in his chaire, and hath sent me to fetch them: it is such an
old snudge, hee'le not loose the dropping of his nose.

Pipkin. O Mistris, O Hugh, O Hugh, O Mistris, *Hugh,* I
must

how to chosse a good Wife from a bad.

must needs beate thee, I am mad, I am lunatique, I must fall
vpon thee, my mistris is dead.

Hugh O Maister *Pipkin*, what doe you meane, what doe
you meane *M. Pipkin*?

Pip. O *Hugh*, O Mistris, O Mistris, O *Hugh*.

Hugh. O *Pipkin*, O God, O God, O *Pipkin*.

Pip. O *Hugh*, I am mad, beare with me, I cannot chuse:
O death, O mistris, O death.

Hugh. Death quorha, he hath almost made me dead with
beating.

Enter Reason, old Arthur, and old Lufam.

Iust. I wonder why the knaue my man staies thus,
And comes not backe: see where the villaine loiters.

Enter Pipkin.

Bra. O *M. Iustice*, *M. Arthur*, *M. Lufam*, wonder not
why I thus blow and bluster, my mistris is dead, dead is my
Mistris, and therefore hang your selues, O my mistris, my
mistris, my mistris.

Old Ar. My sonnes wife dead?

Old Luf. My daughter?

Enter Young Arthur, mourning.

Iust. Mistris *Arthur*? here comes her husband.

Yon. Ar. O here the wofullst husband comes aliue,
No husband now, the wight that did vphold
That name of husband; is now quite o'rethrowne,
And I am left a haples widower.

Old Ar. Faine would I speake if griefe would suffer me.

Old Lu. As Maister *Arthur* sayes, so say I,
If griefe would let me, I would weeping die,
To be thus haples in my aged yeates,
O, I would speake but my words melt to teares.

Yon. Ar. Go in, go in, and view the sweetest coarfe
That ere was laid vpon a mournfull roome,
You cannot speake, for weeping sorrowes dumme,

H.

Bad

A pleasant conceited Comedie.

Bad news are rise, good tidings seldome come. *Exeunt.*

Enter Anselme.

Ans. What frantick humour doth thus haunt my sence,
Striving to breed destruction in my spirit?
When I would sleepe, the Ghost of my sweete loue
Appeares vnto me in an Angels shape:
When I am wake, my phantasies presents,
As in a gallsie, the shadow of my loue:
When I would speake her name intrudes it selfe
Into the perfect echoes of my speech:
And though my thought beget some other word,
Yet will my tongue speake nothing but her name.
If I do meditate it is on her,
If dreame, on hers or discourse, on her,
I thinke her Ghost doth haunt me, as in times
Of former darneffe, old wiuers tales report.

Enter Fuller.

Hee comes, my bitter Genius, whose aduice,
Directs me still in all my actions,
How now, from whence come you?

Ful. Faith from the street, in which, as I pass'd by,
I met, the modest mistris *Arthurs* Coarse,
And after her, as morners, first her husband,
Next *Iustice Reason*, then old M. *Arthur*,
Old M. *Lusam*, and yong *Lusam* too,
With many other kinstolke, neighbours, frendes,
And others, that lament her funerall:
Her body is by this, layd in the vault.

Ans. And in that vault my body I will lay,
I prethee leaue me, thither is my way.

Ful. I am sure youiest, you meane not as you say?

Ans. No, no, Ile but go to the Church and pray.

Ful. Nay, then we shalbe troubled with your humor.

Ans. As euer thou didst loue me, or as euer,

Thou

how to choose a good Wife from a bad.

Thou didst delight in my society,
By all the rights of friendship and of loue
Let me intreat thy absence but one houre,
And at the houres end, I will come to thee.

Ful. Nay, if you will be foolish, and past reason,
Ile wash my hands like *Pilate*, from thy folly,
And suffer thee in these extremities,

Exit.

Ans. Now it is night: and the bright lamps of heauen
Are halfe burnt out: now bright *Adelbora*,
Welcomes the chearefull day starre to the East,
And harmles itilnes hath possess'd the world.
This is the Church, this hollow is the vault.
Where the dead body of my Saint remaines,
And this the Coffin that inshrines her body,
For her bright soule is now in Paradise,
My coming is with no intent of siance,
Or to defile the body of the dead,
But rather take my last farewell of her,
Or languishing, and dying by her side,
My airy soule poste after hers to heauen;
First, with this latest kisse I seale my loue:
Her lips are warme, and I am much deceiud,
If that she stir not, O this *Golgotha*,
This place of dead mens bones is terrible,
Pretenuing fearefull apparitions.

Mistris Arthur in the Tombe.

It is some spirit that in the Coffin lyes.
And makes my haire start vp on end with feare,
Come to thy telfe faint heart, she sits vpright,
O I would hide me, but I know not where,
Tush, if it be a spirit, tis a good spirit,
For with her body liuing, ill she knew not,
And with her body dead, ill cannot medole.

A pleasant conceited Comedie.

Mis. Ar. Who am I? or where am I?

Ans. O she speakes, and by her language now I know she liues.

Mis. Ar. O who can tell me where I am become.
For in this darkenesse I haue lost my selfe,
I am not dead, for I haue selfe and life,
How come I then in this Coffin buried?

An. Anselme, behold she liues, and Destiny
Hath trauid thee hither to redeeme her life.

Mis. Ar. Liues any mongst these dead? none but my selfe.

Ans. O yes, a man whose heart till now was dead,
Liues and suruiues at your returne to life:
Nay start not, I am *Anselme*, one who long,
Hath doted on your faire perfection,
And louing you, more then became me well,
Was hither sent by some strange prouidence,
To bring you from these hollow vaults below,
To be a liuer in the world againe.

Mis. Ar. I vnderstand you, and I thanke the heauens,
That sent you to reuiue me from this feare,
And I imbrace my safety with good will.

Enter Amindab with two or three boyes,

Ami. *Mane citius lectum fuge mollem discute somnum,*
Templa petas supplex & venerare Deum. (pray
Shake off thy sleepe, get vp betimes, go to the church and
And neuer feare, God will thee heare, and keepe thee all the
Good counsell, boyes obserue it, marke it well. (day
This early rising, this *diluculo*.

Is good both for your bodyes and your mindes.
Tis not yet day, giue me my Tinder-box,
Meane time vuloose your satchels, and your bookes,
Draw, draw, and take you to your lessons boyes.

1. Boy. O Lord master, whats that in the white sheete?

Ami. In the white sheete my boy, *Dic ubi*, where?

Boy.

how to choofe a good Wife from a bad.

Boy. Vide Maſter, vide illie there.

*Ami. O Domine, domine, keepe vs from euill,
A charme from fleſh, the world and the diuell.*

Exeunt running.

*Mis. Ar. O tell me not my husband was ingrat,
Or that he did attempt to poyſon me,
Or that he laide me heare, and I was dead,
Theſe are no meanes at all to win my loue.*

*Anſ. Sweet Miſtris bequeath you to the earth,
You promiſ'd him to be his wife till death,
And you haue kept your promiſe, but now ſince
The world, your husband, and your friends ſuppoſe
That you are dead, grant me but one requeſt,
And I will ſweare neuer to ſollicite more
Your ſacred thoughts to my diſhoneſt loue.*

*Mis. Ar. So your demand may be no preiudice
To my chaſt name, no wrong vnto my husband,
No ſure that may concerne my wedlocke breach,
I yeeld vnto it: but to paſſe the bandes of modeſty & chaſtity,
Firſt will I bequeath my ſelfe againe
Vnto this graue, and neuer part from hence,
Then taint my ſoule with black impurity*

*Anſ. Take here my hand and faithfull heart to gage,
That I will neuer tempt you more to ſinne:
This my requeſt is, ſince your husband doates
Vpon a lewd laſcious curtezan;
Since he hath broake the bandes of your chaſt bed,
And like a murderer ſent you to your graue,
Do but go with me to my mothers houſe,
There ſhall you liue in ſecret for a ſpace,
Onely to ſee the end of ſuch lewd luſt,
And know the difference of a chait wiues bed,
And one whole lite is in all looſeneſſe led.*

Mis. Ar. Your mother is a vertuous Matron held,

A pleasant conceited Comedie,

Her counsell, conference and company,
May much auail me, there a space ile stay,
Vpon condition as you sayd before,
You neuer will moe ie your vncfast sute more.

Anf. My faith is pawn'd, O neuer had chaste wife,
A husband of so lewd and vncfast life. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mary, Brabo and Splay.

Bra. Mistris, I long haue seru'd you, euen since
These bristled hautes vpon my graue-like chirine,
Were all vnborne, when I first came to you,
These infant feathers of these rauen wings,
Were not once begun.

Splay. No indeed they were not.

Bra. Now in my two muchatoes for a need,
Wanting a rope, I could well hang my selfe,
I prethee Mistris for all my long seruice,
For all the loue that I haue borne thee long,
Do me this fauour now to marry me.

Enter Young Arthur,

Ma. Marry, come vp you block-head, you great asse,
What, wouldst thou haue me marry with a diuell?
But peace, no more, here comes the feely foole
That we so long haue set our lime twigs for,
Be gone and leaue me to intangle him,

Young Ar. What, Mistris Mary.

Ma. O good M. Arthur, where haue you beene this
weeke, this month, this yeare?

This yeare sūd I, where haue you beene this age,
Vnto a louer, euery minute seemes time out of mind,
How should I thinke you loue me
That can endure to stay so long from me?

Young Ar. In faith sweet heart I saw thee yesternight.

Ma. I true, you did, but since you sawe me not,
At twelue a clocke you parted from my house,

And

how to choose a good Wife from a bad;

And now tis morning, and new stricken seauen.
Seuen howers thou staidst from me, why didst thou so?
They are my seuen yeares prentiship of wo.

Yon. Ar. I prethee be patient, I had some occasion
That did inforce me from thee yester-night.

Ma. I, you are soone inforc'd, foole that I am,
To dore on one that nought respecteth me,
Tis but my fortune, I am borne to beare it,
And euery one shall haue their destiny.

Yon. Ar. Nay weepe not wench, thou woundst mee
with thy teares.

Mary. I am a foole, and so you make me too,
These teares were better kept, then spent in wast
On one that neither renders them nor me,
What remedy, but if I chance to die.
Or to miscarry with that I goe withall,
Ile take my death that thou art cause thereof,
You told me, that when your wife was dead
You would forsake all others, and take me.

Yon. Ar. I told thee so, and I will keepe my word
And for that end I came thus carely to thee,
I haue procur'd a licence and this night
We will be married in a lawlesse church.

Ma. These newes reuine me, and doe some what ease
The thought that was gotten to my heart.
But shall it be to night?

Yon. Ar. I wench to night-
A fennight and od dayes since my wife died,
Is past already, and her timeles death,
Is but a nine dayes talke, come go with me,
And it shall be dispatcht presently.

Ma. Nay, then I see thou louest me, and I find,
By this last motion, thou art growne more kind.

Yon. Ar. My loue and kindnesse like my age shall grow,
And

A pleasant conceited Comedie,

And with the time increase, and thou shalt see,
The older I grow, the kinder I will be.

Ma. I, so I hope it will, but as for mine,
That with my age shall day, by day decline,
Come shall we go?

Yong Ar. With thee to the worlds end,
Whose beauty most admire, and all commed.

Exeunt.

Enter Anselme and Fuller.

Ans. Tis true as I relate the circumstance,
And she is with my mother safe at home,
But yet for all the hate I can alledge
Againstt her husband, nor for the loue,
That on mine owne part I can vrge her to,
Will thee be wonne to gratifie my loue

Ful. All things are full of ambiguity,
And I admire this wondrous accident,
But *Anselme*, *Arthur's* about a new wife, a *bonaroba*,
How will shee take it when she heares this newes?

Ans. I thinke euen as a vertuous Matron should
It may be that report may from thy mouth
Beget some pittie from her flinty heart,
And I will vrge her with it presently.

Ful. Vnlesse report be false, they are linkt already,
They are fast as words can tie them: I will tell thee,
How I by chance did meete him the last night,
One sayd to me, this *Arthur* did intend
To haue a wife, and presently to marry:
Amidst the street, I met him as my friend,
And to his loue a present he did carry,
It was some Ring, some Stomacher or toy,
I spake to him and bad, God giue him ioy:
God giue me ioy quoth he, of what I pray:
Marry quoth I, your wedding that is toward,

Tis

how to chaeſe a good Wiſe from a bad.

Tis falſe quoth he, and would haue gone away,
Come, come, quoth I, ſo neare it, and ſo forward,
I vrgde him hard by our familiar loues,
Pray'd him withall, not to forget my gloues:
Then he began; your kindneſſe hath beene great,
Your curteſie great, and your loue not common,
Yet ſo much fauour pray let me intreat
To be excuſde from knowing any woman
I knew the wench that is become his Bride:
And ſimild to thinke how deeply he had lide.
For firſt he ſwore, he did not Court a maide,
A wiſe he could not, ſhe was elſe where ride:
And as for ſuch as widdowes were, he ſayd,
And deeply ſwore, none ſuch ſhould be his Bride,
Widdow, nor wiſe, nor maid, I aſkt no more,
Knowing he was betroth'd vnto a whore.

Enter Miſtris Arthur.

Anſ. Is it not miſtris Mary, that you meane,
She that did dine with vs at *Arthurs* houſe?

Ful. The ſame, the ſame, here come the Gentlewoman,
Oh miſtris *Arthur*, I am of your counſell,
Welcome from death to life.

Anſ. Miſtris this Gentle man hath news to tell ye,
And as you like of it, ſo thinke of me.

Ful. Your husband hath already got a wiſe,
A huſſing wench yſaith, whoſe ruſſling filkes
Make with their motion, muſicke vnto loue,
And you are quite forgotten.

Anſ. I haue ſworne to moue this my vnchaſt demand
no more.

Ful. When doth your colour change?
When doth your eyes ſpaukie with fire to reueng theſe
wrongs?

When doth your tong breake into rage and wrath,

I,

Againſt

A pleasant conceited Comedie.

Against that scum of manhood, your vile husband,
He first misus'd you.

Ans. And yet can you loue him?

Ful. He left your chaste bed, to defile the bed,
Of sacred marriage with a curtezan.

Ans. Yet can you loue him?

Ful. And not content with this,
Abus'd your honest name with flaundrous wordes,
And filld your husht house with vnquietnesse,

Ans. And can you loue him yet?

Ful. Nay did he not with his rude fingers
dash you on the face.

And double die your corall lips with blood?
Hath he not torne those Gold-wiars from your head
Wherewith *Apollo*, would haue strung his harpe,
And keepe them to play musicke to the Gods?
Hath he not beat you and with his rude fists,
Vpon that crimson temperature of your cheekes,
Laid a lead colour with his boisterous blowes?

Ans. And can you loue him yet?

Ful. Then did he not,
Either by poyson, or some other plot,
Send you to death, where, by his prouidence,
God hath preferu'd you by wondrous miracles?
Nay, after death, hath he not scandaliz'd,
Your place with an immodest curtezan:

Ans. And can you loue him yet?

Mis. Ar. And yet, and yet, and still, and euer whilst
I breath this aire:

Nay, after death, my vnsustantiall soule,
Like a good Angell, shall attend on him,
And keepe him from all harme.
But is he married? much good do his heart,
Pray God the may content him better far,

Than

how to choose a good Wife from a bad.

Than I haue done: long may they liue in peace,
Till I disturbe their solace; but because,
I feare some mischief doth hang o're his head,
He weepe mine eyes drie with my present care,
And for their healths make hoarse my tong with prayer.

Exit.

Ful. Art sure she is a woman? if she be,
She is create of Natures purity,

Ans. O yes, I too well know she is a woman,
Hence forth my vertue shall my loue with stand;
And on my strining thoughts get th' vpper hand.

Ful. Then thus resolu'd I straight will drinke to thee
A health thus deepe, to drowne thy melancholy.

Exeunt.

Enter Mary, young Arthurs Brabe, and Splay.

Ma. Not haue my will, yes I will haue my will,
Shall not I go abroad, but when you please?
Can I not now and then meete with my friendes,
But at my comming home you will controule me?
Mary come vp.

Yon. Ar. Where art thou patience?
Nay rather where's become my former spleene?
I had a wife would not haue vs'd me so.

Mt. Why you Iacke sawce, you Cuckold, you wait
not what, am not I of age sufficient?
To goe and come still when my pleasure serues,
But must I haue you sir to question me?
Not haue my will? yes, I will haue my will.

Yon. Ar. I had a wife would not haue vs'd me so,
But she is dead.

Bra. Not haue her will, sir she shall haue her will,
She sayes she will, and sir I say shee shall:
Not haue her will, that were a iest indeed,
Who sayes she shall not, if I bee dispos'd,

A pleasant conceited Comedie.

To man her forth, who shall finde fault with it:
Whats he that dares say black's her eye?
Though you be married sir, yet you must know
That she was euer borne to haue her will,

Splay. Not haue her will, Gods passion, I say still,
A woman's no body that wants her will,

Yon. Ar. Where is my spirit, what, shall I maintaine,
A strumpet, with a *Brabo*, and her bawde,
To beard me out of my authority?
What, am I from a maister made a slaue?

Ma. A slaue; Nay worse, dost thou maintaine my man
And this my maid; Tis I maintaine them both.
I am thy wife, I will not be drest so
While thy gold lastes, but then most willingly
I will bequeath thee to star beggary.
I do already hate thee, do thy worst,
Nay touch me if thou dar'st, what shall he beate me;

Bra. Ile make him seeke his fingers mongst the dogs.
That dares to touch my Mistris neuer feare,
My sword shall smoth the wrinkles of his browes,
That bends a frowne vpon my mistris.

Yon. Ar. I had a wife would not haue vside me so,
But God is iust.

Mary. Now *Arthur*, if I knew,
What in this world would most torment thy soule,
That I would do: would all my euill vsage
Could make thee strait dispaire, and hang thy selfe.
Now I remember, where is *Arthurs* man
Pipkin, that slaue, go turne him out of doores,
None that loues *Arthur* shall haue house-rome heere.

Enter Pipkin.

Yonder he comes, *Brabo* discharg the fellow.

Yon. Ar. Shall I be ouer-maistred in my owne;
Be thy tellie *Arthur*, strumpet he shall stay.

Mary

how to choose a good Wife from a bad.

Ma. What shall he *Brabo*, shall he mistris *Splay*?

Bra. Shall he? he shall not? breathes there any liuing
Dares say he shall, when *Brabo*, sayes he shall not?

Yon. Ar. Is there any law for this; she is my wife,
Should I complaine, I should be rather mockt:
I am contente, keepe by thee whom thou list.
Discharge whom thou thinkst good, do what thou wilt
Rise, go to bed, stay at home, go abroad,
At thy good pleasure, keepe all companies:
So that for all this, I may haue but peace.
Be vnto me as I was to my wife,
Onely giue me what I denyed her then.
A little loue, and some small quietnesse,
If he displease thee, trurne him out of doores.

Pip. VWho me; turne me out of doores; is this all the wa-
ges I shall haue at the yeares end, to be turned out of doores?
you Nistris, you are a:

Splay. A, what; speake, a what; touch her, and touch me,
taint her and taine me, speake, speake, a what?

Pip. Marry a woman that is kin to the frost.

Splay. How do you meane that?

Pip. And you are a kin to the Lattin word, to vnderkand.

Splay. And whats that; (dublets;

Pip. *Subaudi, Subaudi*: and sir do you not to vse pinke

Splay. And why;

Pip. I tooke you for a Cutter, you are of great kinred;
you are a common couzener, euery body calls you couzen:
besides, they say you are a very good warrener, you haue
beene an old Cony-catcher: but if I be turned a begging, as
I know not what I am borne too, and that you euer come
to the sayd trade, as nothing is vnpossible; Ile set all the com-
mon wealth of beggers on your back, and all the congrega-
tion of vermain shal be put to your keeping, & then if you be
not more bitten then all the company of beggers besides,

A pleasant conceited Comedie,

Ile not haue my will: Zowns trun'd out of dores, Ile go and
set vp my trade, a dish to drinke in that I haue within, a wallet
that Ile make of an old shirt, then my speech, for the Lordes
sake, I beseech your worship, then I must haue a lame leg, Ile
goe to foot-ball, and breake my shiines, and I am prouided
for that,

Bra. What stands the villaine prating, hence you slaue.

Exit Pipkin.

Tong Ar. Art thou yet pleaisle?

Ma. When I haue had my humor.

Tong Ar. Good friends, for manners sake, a while with-

Bra. It is our pleasure sir, to stand aside. *(draw.)*

Ton. Ar. Mary, what cause hadst thou to vse me thus,
From nothing, I haue rayside thee to much wealth,
Twas more then I did owe thee: many a pound,
Nay many a hundred pound I spent on thee
In my wiues time: and once, but by my meanes,
Thou hadst been in much danger: but in all thinges,
My Purle and credite ener bore thee out.

I did not owe thee this, I had a wife
That would haue laide her selfe beneath my feet
To doe me seruice, her I set at naught
For the entire affection I bare thee:
To shew that I haue lou'd thee, haue I not
About all women made chiefe choice of thee?
An argument sufficient of my loue,
What reason then hast thou to wrong me thus?

Ma. It is my humour.

Ton. Ar. O but such humors honest wiues should purge
Ile shew thee a far greater instance yet,
Of the true loue that I haue borne to thee,
Thou knewest my other wife, was she not faire?

Ma. So, so.

Tong

How to choose a good Wife from a bad.

Yong Ar. But more than faire, was she not vertuous,
Indued with the beauty of the mind?

Ma. Faith to they sayd.

Yong Ar. Harke in thine eare, Ile trust thee with my life,
Then which what greater instance of my loue:
Thou knewst full well how sodainely she dide,
To enioy thy loue, euen then I poysoned her.

Ma. How poysoned her? accursed murderer,
Ile ring this fatall larnum in all eares,
Than which what greater instance of my hate.

Yon. Ar. Wilt thou not keepe my counsell? (her

Ma. Villan, no: thou'lt poyton me as thou hast poysond

Yon. Ar. Dooſt thou reward me thus for all my loue?

Then *Arthur*, flie and seeke to saue thy life

O difference twixt a chaste and vnchast wife: *Exit.*

Ma. Pursue the murderer, apprehend him straight.

Bra. Why whats the matter Mistris.

Ma. This Villane *Arthur*, poysoned his first wife,
Which he in secret hath confest to me:

Goe and fetch warrants from the *Iustices*,

To attach the murderer, he once hang'd and dead,

His welch is mine: pursue the slave thats fled.

Bra. Mistris I will, he shall not passe this land.

But I will bring him bound with this strong hand.

Exeunt.

Enter Mistris Arthur.

Mist. Ar. O what are the vaine pleasures of the world,
That in their actions we affect them so?

Had I beene borne a seruant, my low life,

Had steady stood from all these miseries.

The wauing reedes stand free from euery gust,

When the tale Oakes are rent vp by the roots.

What is vaine beauty, but an idle breath,

Why are we proud of that which so soone changes?

But

A pleasant conceited Comedie,

But rather with the beauty of the mind,
V Which neither Time can alter, sicknesse change
Violence deface, nor the blacke hand of enuy
Smudge and digrace, or spoile, or make deform'd.
O had my riotous husband borne this mind,
He had beene happy, I had beene more blest,
And peace had brought our quiet soules to rest

Enter young Arthur poorely.

Yon. Ar. O whither shall I flie to saue my life,
When murther and dispaire dogs at my heeles,
O misery, thou neuer foundst a friend,
All friends forsake men in aduersity,
My brother hath denide to succour me,
Vpbraiding me with name of murtherer,
My vnkles double barre their dores against me,
My father hath denide to shelter me,
And curstle me worse than *Adam* did vse *Eue*,
I that within these two dayes had more friendes,
Than I could number with *Arithmatike*
Haue now no more than one poore cipher is,
And that poore cypher I supply my selfe,
All that I durst commit my fortunes to,
I haue tried, and found none to relieue my wants,
My sodaine flight, and feare of future shame,
Lett me vnfurnisht of all necessaries,
And these three dayes I haue not tasted food.

Mis. It is my husband O how iust is heauen,
Poorely disguise, and almost hunger-staruede,
How comes this change?

Yon. Ar. Doth no man follow me?
O how suspitious guilty murder is,
I starue for hunger, and die for thirst,
Had I a kingdome, I would sell my Crowne,
For a small bit of bread: I shame to beg,

And

how to choose a good Wife from a bad.

And yet perforce I must, or beg, or starue.
This house belongs to some Gentlewoman,
And heer's a woman, I will beg of her:
Good mistris looke vpon a poore mans wants:
Whom do I see? Tush *Arthur*, she is dead,
But that I saw her dead and buried.
I would haue sworne it had beene *Arthurs* wife,
But I will leaue her, shame forbids me beg,
On one so much resembles her.

Mis. Ar. Come hither fellow, wherfore dost thou turne,
Thy guilty lookes and blushing face aside?
It seemes thou hast not beene brought vp to this.

Yon. Ar. You say true Mistris: then for charity,
And for her sake whom you resemble most,
Pitty my present want and misery.

Mis. Ar. It seemes thou hast beene in some bitter plight
Sit downe I prethee, men though they be poore,
Should not be scorn'd: to ease thy hunger, first,
Eate these conserues, and now I prethee tell me
What thou hast beene, thy fortunes, thy estate,
And what she was that I resemble most.

Yon. Ar. First, looke that no man see, or ouer-heare vs,
I thinke that shape was borne to do me good.

Mis. Ar. Hast thou knowne one that did resemble me?

Yon. Ar. Mistris, I cannot chuse but weepe,
To call to mind the fortunes of her youth.

Mis. Ar. Of what estate or birth was she?

Yon. Ar. Borne of good parents, and as well brought vp,
Most faire; but not so faire as vertuous,
Happy in all things; but her marriage,
Her riotous husband, which I weepe to thinke,
By his lewde life made them both miscarrie.

Mis. Ar. Why dost thou greoue at their aduersities?

Yon. Ar. O blame me not, that man my kinsman was,

K.

Nearest

A pleasant conceited Comedie.

Nearer to mee a Kinsman could not bee:
As neare allied was that chaste woman too,
Nearer was neuer Husbaud to his Wife:
Hec whom I tearm'd my Friend, no friend of mine,
Proouing both mine and his owne enemy,
Poysoned his wife; O the time he did so,
Ioyed at her death, inhumane slaue to doe so,
Exchang'd her loue for a base Strumpets lust,
Foule wretch, accursed villaine, to exchange so.

Mi. Ar. You are wise, and blest, and happy to repent so:
But what became of him and his new wife?

Ion. Ar. O heare the iustice of the highest Heauen,
This Strumpet in reward of all his loue,
Pursues him for the death of his first wife,
And now the wofull husband languisheth,
Flies, being pursu'd by her fierce hate,
And now too late, hee doth repent his sinne,
Readie to perish in his owne dispaire.

Hauiug no meanes but Death, to rid his care,

Mi. Ar. I can indure no more, but I must weepe,
My blabbing teares cannot my counsell keepe.

Ion. Ar. Why weepe you Mistris? if you had the heart
Of her whom you resemble in your face;

But shee is dead, and for her death,
The sponge of either eye,
Shall weepe red teares till euery veine is drie.

Mi. Ar. Why weep you friend, your rainy drops keepe in,
Repentance wipes away the drops of sinne.

Yet tell mee friend, hee did exceeding ill,
A wife that lou'd and honour'd him to kill.
Yet say, one like her, farre more chaste then faire,
Bids him be of good comfort, not dispaire.
Her soule's appeasde with her repentant teares,
Wishing he may suruiue her many yeares,

how to choose a good Wife from a bad.

Faine would I giue him mony to supply
His present wants, but fearing he should fly,
And getting ouer to some forren shore.
These rainy eyes should neuer see him more:
My heart is full, I can no longer stay,
But what I am, my loue must needes bewray.
Fare-well good fellow, and take this to spend,
Say one like her commends her to your friend,

Yon. Ar. No friend of mine, I was my owne soules foe,
To murder my chaste wife that lou'd me so.
In life she lou'd me dearer than her life,
What husband here but would wish such a wife.
I heare the officers with hu and cry,
She sau'd my life but now, and now I die,
And welcome death, I will not stirre from hence,
Death I deseru'd, Ile die for this offence.

Enter Brabo with Officers, Splay and Hugh.

Bra. Heere is the murtherer, and *Reasons* man,
You haue the warrant: Sirs, lay hands on him,
Attach the slaue and lead him bound to death.

Hugh. No by my faith *M. Brabo*, you haue the better hart,
at least you should haue, I am sure you haue more yron and
steele than I haue, doe you lay hands vpon him, I promise
you I dare not.

Bra. Constables forward, forward Officers,
I will not thrust my finger in the fire,
Lay hands on him I say, step you back?
I meane to be the hindmost, lest that any
Should runne away, and leaue the rest in perill:
Stand forward, are you not asham'd to feare?

Yon. Ar. Nay neuer strine, behold I yeeld my selfe,
I must commend your resolution,
That being so many and so weapon'd
Dare not aduenture on a man vnarm'd,

A pleasant conceited Comedie.

Now lead mee to That Prison you thinke best :
Yet vse mee well, I am a Gentleman.

Hugh. Truly *M. Arthur*, wee will vse you as well a heart can thinke: the Iustices sit to day, and my Mistris is chiefe, you shall commaund mee.

Bra. What, hath he yeelged? if he had withstood vs,
This Curtelax of mine, had cleft his head;
Resist he durst not, when once he spied mee?
Come, lead him hence; how likest thou this, sweet witch?
This fellowes death, will make our Mistris rich.

Splay. I say, I care not who's dead or aliue,
So by their liues or deaths, wee two may thriue.

Hugh. Come, beare him away.

Enter Iustice Reason, Old Arthur, Old Lufam.

Iust. Old *M. Arthur*, and *M. Lufam* so is it that I haue heard both your complaints, but vnderstood neither, For you know *Legere & non intelligere negligere est.*

Old Ar. I come for fauour, as a father should,
Pitying the fall and ruine of his sonne.

Old Luf. I come for Iustice, as a Father should,
That hath by violent Murther lost his Daughter.

Iust. You come for fauour, and you come for iustice,
Iustice with fauour, is not partiall,
And vsing that, I hope to please you both.

Old Ar. Good *M. Iustice*, thinke vpon my Sonne.

Old Luf. Good *M. Iustice*, thinke vpon my Daughter.

Iust. Why so I doe: I thinke vpon them both,
But can doe neither of you good,
For he that liues, must die; and shee that's dead,
Cannot be reuiued.

Old Ar. *Lufam*, thou seek'st to rob mee of my Sonne,
my onely Sonne.

Old Lu. Hee rob'd mee of my Daughter, my onely Daughter.

Iust.

how to choose a good Wife from a bad.

Iust. And robbers are flat Fellons by the Law.

Old Ar. *Lusam*, I say thou art a Blood-sucker.

A tyrant, a remorselesse Canyball:

Old as I am Ile proue it on thy bones.

Old Lu. Am I a bloud-sucker or Canyball?

Am I a tyrant that doe thirst for bloud?

Old Ar. I, if thou seekst the ruine of my sonne,
Thou art tyrant and a bloud-sucker.

Old Lu. I, if I seeke the ruine of thy sonne, I am indeed;

Old Ar. Nay more, thou art a dotard:

And in the right of my accursed sonne,

I challenge thee the field, meet me I say,

To morrow morning besides *Iffington*,

And bring thy sword and Buckler if thou dar'st

Old Lu. Meet thee with my sword and buckler?
There's my gloue.

Ile meet thee to reuenge my daughters death.

Call it thou mee dotard? Though these threescore yeares,

I neuer handled weapon, but a Knife

To cut meate, yet will I meete thee there:

Gods precious, call mee dotard?

Old Ar. I haue cause:

Iust cause to call the dotard, haue I not?

Old Lu. Nay that's an other matter, haue you cause?

Then God forbid that I should take acceptions,

To be cald Dotard of one that hath cause.

Iust. My Maisters, you must leaue this quarrelling, for quarrellers are neuer at peace; and men of peace, while they are quet, are neuer quarrelling: so you, whilst you fall into brawles, you cannot choose but iurie. Heere comes your Sonne accused, and your Wife the accuser: stand forth both; *Hugh*, be readie with your Pen & Incke to take their examinations and confessions.

A pleasant conceited Comedie,

*Enter Mary, Splay, Brabo, young Arthur, Hugh
and Officers.*

Yon. Ar. It shall not need, I do confesse the deed,
Of which this woman here accuseth me:
I poysoned my first wife, and for that deed,
I yeeld me to the mercy of the law.

Old Lu. Villaine, thou meanest my onely daughter,
And in her death depriuedst me of all ioyes.

Yon. Ar. I meane her, I do confesse the deed,
And though my body taste the force of law,
Like an offender, on my knee I beg,
Your angry soule will pardon me her death.

Old Lu. Nay, if he kneeling do confesse the deed,
No reason but I should forgieue her death.

Iust. But so the law must not be satisfied,
Bloud must haue bloud, and murder must haue death,
I thinke that cannot be dispenc'd withall.

Ma. If all the world else would forgieue the deed,
Yet would I earnestly pursue the law.

Yon. Ar. I had a wife would not haue vsde me so,
The wealth of Europe could not hire her tong,
To be offensive to my patient cares,
But in exchanging her, I did preferre
A diuell before a Saint, night before day,
Hell before Heauen, and drosse before tried gold,
Neuer was bargaine with such damage sold.

Bra. If you want witnesse to confirme the deed
I heard him speake it, and that to his face,
Before this presence, I will iustifie,
I will not part hence till I see him swing

Splay. I heard him too, pitty but he should die,
And like a murderer be sent to hell,
To poyson her, and make her belly swell.

Ma. Why stay you then, giue iudgment on the slaue,
Whose

How to choose a good Wife from a bad.

Whose shamelesse life deserues a shamefull graue.

Yon. Ar. Deaths bitter pangs are not so full of griefe,
As this vnkindnes: euery word thou speak'st,
Is a sharpe Dagger thrust quite through my heart,
As little I deserue this at thy hands,
As my kinde patient wife deserude of me,
I was her torment, God hath made thee mine,
Then wherefore at iust plagues should I repine?

Iust. Where didst thou buy this poyson? for such drugs
Are felony for any man to sell,

Yon. Ar. I had the poyson of *Aminadab*,
But innocent man he was not accessary
To my wifes death, I cleare him of the deed,

Iust. No matter fetch him, fetch him, bring him,
To answer to this matter at the barre,

Hugh, take these officers and apprehend him.

Bra. Ile aide him, the Schoolemaister I see,
Perhaps may hang with him for company.

Enter Anselme and Fuller.

Ans. This is the day of *Arthurs* examination,
And triall for the murder of his wife,
Lets heare how Iustice *Reason*, will proceed
In censuring his strict punishment.

Ful. *Anselme* content, lets thrust in among the throng?

Enter Aminadab brought in with Officers

Ami. O *Domine*, what meanes these knaues,
To lead me thus with billes and glaues?
O what example would it be,
To all my pupils for to see,
To tread their steps all after me:
If for some fault I hang'd be,
Some what surely I shall marre,
If you bring me to the barre,
But peace, betake thee to thy wits,

A pleasant conceited Comedie,

For yonder *Iustice Reason* sits.

Iust. Sit *Dab*, sit *Dab*, here's one accuseth you
To giue him Poyson, being ill imployd :
Speake, how in this case you can cleare your selfe.

Ami. *Hei mihi*, what should I say, the poyson giuen, I
denay; hee tooke it perforce from my handes, and *Domine*,
why not? I

Got it of a Gentleman, hee most freely gaue it,
Aske, he knew me, a meanes was onely to haue it.

Ion. Ar. Tis true I tooke it from this man perforce,
And snatcht it from his hand by rude constraint,
Which proues him in this acte not culpable.

Iust. I, but who sold the poyson vnto him?
That must be likewise knowne, speake schoolemaister.

Ami. A man *verbosus*, that was a fine *generosus*,
He was a great Guller, his name I take to be *Fuller*,
See where hee stands that vnto my hands conueyed a
powder.
And like a knaue sent her to her graue, obscurely to
throwde her.

Iust. Lay hands on him : are you a poyson seller?
Bring him before vs, *sicra*, what say you,
Sold you a poyson to this honest man?

Full. I sold no poyson, but I gaue him one,
To kill his Rats.

Iust. Ha, ha, I smell a Rat.
You sold him poyson then to kill his Rats?
The word to kill argues a murderous mind,
And you are brought in compass: of the murder :
So set him by, we will not heare him speake
That *Arthur*, *Fuller*, and the Schoolemaister,
Shall by the Iudges be examined,

Ans. Sir, if my friend may not speake for himselfe,
Yet let me his procoodings iustifie.

how to choose a good Wife from a bad.

Iust. Whats he that will a murther iustifie?
Lay hands on him, lay hands on him I say,
For iustificers are all accessaries,
And accessaries haue deseru'd to die.
A way with him, we will not heare him speake,
They all shall to the high Commissioners.

Enter Mistris Arthur.

Mis. Ar. Nay, stay them, stay them yet a little while
I bring a warrant to the contrary,
And I will please all parties presently. (death,

Ton. Ar. I thinke my wiues Ghost haunts me to my
Wretch that I was, to shorten her liues breath,

Old Ar. Whom do I see, my sonnes wife?

Old Lu. What my daughter?

Iust. It is not Mistris *Arthur* that we see,
That long since buried we suppos'd to be?

Mis. Ar. This man is condemn'd for poysoning of his
His poysoned wife yet liues, and I am she; (wife
And therefore iustly I release his bands:

This man for suffering him these druggs to take,

Is likewise bound, release him for my sake:

This Gentleman that first the poyson gaue,

And this his friend to be releas'd I craue.

Murther there cannot be where none is kild,

Her bloud is sau'd, whom you suppos'd was spild.

Father in law, I giue you heere your sonne,

The actes to do, which you suppos'd was donne.

And father, now ioy in your daughters life,

Whom heauen hath still kept to be *Arthurs* wife.

Old Ar. O welcome, welcome daughter now I see,
God by his power hath preserued thee.

Old Lu. And tis my wench, whom I suppos'd was dead,
My ioy reuiues, and my sad woe is fled.

L.

Ton Ar.

A pleasant conceited Comedie.

Yon. Ar. I know not what I am, nor where I am,
My soule's transported to an extasie,
For hope and ioy confound my memorie.

Ma. What do I see, liues *Arthurs* wife againe?
Nay, then I labour for his death in vaine.

Bra. What secret force did in nature lurke,
That in her soule the poyson would not worke.

Splay. How can it be the poyson tooke no force,
She liues with that which would haue kilde a horse.

Mis. Ar. Nay shunne me not, be not ashamde at all
To heauen, not me, for grace and pardon call.
Looke on me *Arthur*, blush not at my wrongs.

Yon. Ar. Still feare & hope my grieve and wo prolongs
But tell me by what power thou didst suruiue?
With my owne hands I temperd that vilde draught,
That lent thee breathles to thy Granfires graue,
If that were poyson I receiue of him.

Ami. That *ego uescio*, but this dram,
Receiu'd I of this Gentleman,
The colour was to kill my rats,
But 'twas my owne life to dispatch.

Full. Is it euen so, then this ambiguous doubt,
No man can better then my selfe decide, (drakes
That compound powder was of Poppie made and Man-
Of purpose to cast one into a sleepe,
To ease the deadly paine of him, whose leg, (ster
Should be sawd off, that powder gaue I to the Schoole mai-

Ami. And that same powder, euen that *Idem*,
You tooke from me the same *perfidem*.

Yong Ar. And that same powder, I commixt with wine
Our Godly knot of wedlocke to vntwine.

Old Ar. But daughter, who did take thee from thy graue.

Old Lu. Discourse it daughter.

Ans. Nay that labour saue:

Pardon

how to choose a good Wife from a bad,

Pardon me M. *Arthur*, I will now,
Confesse the former frailty of my loue,
Your modest wife; with words I tempted oft,
But neither ill I could report of you,
Nor any good I could forge for my selfe,
Would winne her to attend to my request,
Nay, after death, I lou'd her, insomuch:
That to the vault where shee was buried,
My constant loue did lead me to the darke,
There ready to haue tane my last farewell,
The parting kisse I gaue her, I felt warme,
Briefly, I beare her to my mothers house,
Where she hath since liu'd the most chaste and true,
That since the worlds creation eye did view.

Yon. Ar. My first wife stand you here, my second there,
And in the midst my selfe: he that will chuse,
A good wife from a bad, come learne of me
That haue tride both in, wealth and misery.
A good wife will be carefull of her fame,
Her husbands credite, and her owne good name,
And such art thou: A bad wife will respect,
Her pride, her lust, and her good name neglect
And such art thou: A good wife will be still
Industrious, apt to do her husbands will.
But a bad wife, crosse, spightfull, and madding
Neuer keepe home, but alwayes be gadding,
And such art thou: A good wife will conceale
Her husbands dangers, and nothing reueale,
That may procure him harme, and such art thou.
But a bad wife corrupts chaste, Wedlocks vow,
On this hand vertue, and on this hand sinne,
This who would striue to loose, or this to wine
Here liues perpetuall ioy, here burning, woe:
Now husbands choose on which hand you will go.

A pleasant conceited Comedie,

Seeke vertuous wiues, all husbands will be blest,
Faire wiues are good, but vertuous wiues are best:
They that my fortunes will peruse, shall find,
No beautie's like the beauty of the mind.

FINIS.



